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Amin the Intolerable

Admission to Britain, for aliens and Commonwealth citizens, is not a right but a privilege. Successive Home Secretaries frequently remind us of that, both in words and by their actions. Irishmen are turned back under the provisions of the Prevention of Terrorism Act, because they might have some connection with the IRA bombings. Asian visitors are peremptorily excluded at Heathrow on suspicion of their intending to stay here. Those awkward Americans, Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball, will be unable to return after being deported for reasons still undisclosed. When all this is recalled, it seems extraordinary that there should even be any argument about the possible admission of the sadistic tyrant and murderer, Idi Amin.

Amin, of course, is not an unemployed building worker like some of the Irish, nor a journalist like Agee and Hosenball, but a head of state. This means, however, that instead of being 'involved in' or 'connected with' some reprehensible activity, he is the originator and the director of the horrible system of misgovernment that has wreaked havoc in Uganda. No one knows how many men and women have been murdered there, but observers in the best position to keep the gruesome tally reckon 80,000 to be a sober estimate. He is known to have personally given the orders in many individual cases; plausible accounts say that he has fired the shots himself. Quite simply, he is a criminal.

As for the regime over which he presides, it is among the most loathsome – and among the most reactionary in the exact sense of that word – that this century has witnessed. To receive Amin would be as shameful as it would have been to receive Hitler. British governments have a good deal to be ashamed of already; the speedy recognition of Amin after he had seized power, the evident satisfaction that he had replaced the undesirably radical Obote, and various attempts at appeasement. In 1976, at long last, we broke off diplomatic relations. From now on, any kind of contact ought to be ruled out.

The difficulty, we all know, is that Amin proposes to come here to attend a Commonwealth conference. The invitations are issued, not by Britain as the former 'mother country' of the old Empire, but jointly by nations that rank as equals. Not all the presidents and prime ministers in the Commonwealth – in Africa in particular – are ready to ban Amin from the London meeting, for a variety of good (or at least comprehensible) and bad reasons. It is pretty certain, nevertheless, that they all know him to be a tyrant and a murderer, and would be glad to see him humiliated as a step on the road to loss of power. If Britain were to refuse him entry, some probably would consider this to be a piece of arrogance tainted by racism; but others would be grateful to us, overtly or not. In that sense, we should both lose and gain. The balance is sufficiently dubious to make it right for Britain – failing a collective withdrawal of the invitation to Amin, which obviously would be best – to take the decision.

We must always be extremely chary of refusing admission to any participant in a Commonwealth conference because we find his record or his attitudes repugnant. There have been some in the past, and there will be again, who carved their way to power through violence, who rule by striking fear into opponents, who have indeed tortured and killed. For the sake of preserving the Commonwealth, at most times a shaky institution, we have to put up with them. Yet the judgment must be that Amin is a special case because of the dimensions of his criminal record, the unmitigated horror of his regime, and the lack of any prospect of change. As Mr Ramphal, the Commonwealth Secretary-General, said truly in a recent speech: 'Although the line may be indefinable, all the world will know when it is crossed.' It is our right, and our obligation too, to show a decent respect for the opinion of mankind, outraged as it is by the gruesome spectacle that Uganda presents. Happily there is no precedent for the decision that Britain now has to take; let us hope, indeed, that it will never be necessary again. But a clear stand in this case is imperative. To allow Amin to swagger through London this June would be completely intolerable.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Sir Arthur Who?

This column has a deep, primitive, almost atavistic respect for old age. It believes that grey hairs in general bring wisdom, and that wisdom in general is worth having around. It believes that, in cases where the behaviour of the old becomes tiresome and eccentric, every allowance should be made for infirmity. Old people have different systems. They work according to different routines. For instance, although they tend to sleep less soundly than this column at nights, they are often grateful for a kip during the day. And why not, for heaven's sake? Haven't they earned it, one way or another, over the years?

But this column would be less than realistic if it did not recognise that the old are sometimes inclined to take advantage of the deep, primitive, almost atavistic respect in which they are held. For instance, I cannot help thinking that the Rt Hon. Sir Arthur Irvine, PC, QC, MP, would be pushing his luck if he relied too heavily on the deep, primitive, almost atavistic respect of this column. I have no personal animus against the man. I've never met him. All his colleagues emphasise his niceness; some of them remember his abilities; none of them can understand why he is kicking up such a fuss.

For of all the recent cases in which a constituency has tried to get rid of a Member, the case of Sir Arthur Irvine *v.* Liverpool Edge Hill CLP seems the clearest cut. It has been running now since at least 1971. Every year there have been rumours that Sir Arthur is to be ousted. Sometimes it has looked as if the question was settled. Then, miraculously, the old boy would stage a comeback. A couple of years ago he was on the *Daily Telegraph*'s list of high-minded moderate MPs who were in danger of being pushed out by wicked left-wingers. Now, however, he will find it very difficult to gain the martyr's crown. If he is kicked out, he will have only himself to blame.

For he has been spectacularly idle. It is said of Rossini that he was once composing an overture in bed when the manuscript slipped to the floor. Rossini was so lazy that instead of getting out of bed to pick up the half-finished work, he abandoned it and started another overture from scratch. Sir Arthur, during the whole time that his future as an MP has been in doubt, has set similar standards for parliamentary inertia. His legal practice may have been thriving (his most interesting recent case was that of Graham Young, the St Albans poisoner, whom he defended) and you may have read of his reputation for speaking incredibly slowly, and at incredible length – so much so that lawyers involved in the same cases as him have been known to celebrate their good fortune in advance with bumpers of champagne.

However, when it comes to the Palace of Westminster, this one-man Jarndyce case is the soul of brevity and wit. His last session of frenzied activity was 1970-71, when he spoke for ten minutes on the Courts Bill, nine minutes on the European Community, a similar amount of time on the sale of arms to South Africa, made two more interjections and put one oral question. This effort appears to have utterly exhausted him. In 1971-72 he made two speeches, amounting to less than one column in *Hansard*. The next year he made another two, the year after none at all. For all this period I can find no written questions in his name. In 1974, between February and October, he rallied – he spoke three times. After that, I have failed to find any oral contribution in his name. On 3 March last year, in a rare written question, he asked the Secretary of State for the Environment 'if, in his forthcoming transport policy review, he will lay down the criteria to be applied to the consideration of proposals to run down particular rail operations and to close depots' – but the answer supplied by Dr John Gilbert, a veiled 'No', seems to have finally discouraged him. Perhaps his distress was observed, for three weeks later we find in *Hansard* that 'Mr Lambie asked the Secretary of State for Scotland if he will pay an official visit to Irvine'. Nothing came of this unusual idea.

He has, of course, done a certain amount of voting – but not much. When his presence is required in Westminster he may be found, his colleagues tell me, meditating upon affairs of state in the library; in order that he might concentrate better, his eyes will be closed, his jaw will sag, and perhaps a slight noise, somewhat like a snore, will escape his mouth. O Dennis Skinner! O Ian Wrigglesworth! O Robert Kilroy-Silk! pass gently by! Disturb not the profound cogitations, the bosom-heaving musings of this great man! When thou wert no more than gleams in thy mothers' several eyes, when thou wert knee-high to so many grasshoppers that hop i'the fields, great things were promised for this great man.

Lord Chief Justice Hewart considered the young Arthur Irvine to be the most brilliant young man in the country – a future Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor or – who knew? Liberal Prime Minister. He stood for Parliament twice before the war as a Liberal, twice afterwards as a Labour candidate, before winning Edge Hill in 1947. He flirted with the Bevanites, and once refused to share a platform with Harold Wilson after Wilson had accepted a vacancy on the shadow cabinet created by Bevan's resignation. Was it a grudge that prevented his being given office in 1964? Apparently not. During the 1966 campaign he collapsed with a heart attack. The next year he was in hospital for a check-up and overhaul when he heard that Sir Dingle Foot had resigned as Solicitor-General and that he was to succeed. An automatic knighthood goes with the job.

The world was briefly surprised at Wilson's choice. It was at a loss to find anything much to say about the man. He had once, when president of the Oxford Union, made a rather good joke: a Tory had described the Liberals as a flock of sheep being led by the crook. Irvine was on his feet at once, describing the Tories as a flock of crooks being led by the sheep. Apart from that, there was little to recall – and little to remark during his tenure of office.

If Sir Arthur has a good record on anything, it is South Africa. He is also in favour of probity in public life – he spoke in favour of a register of Members' interests, and he called on the then Ted Short to resign over the £250 expenses he had received from T. Dan Smith. He now looks back on that moment as a great campaign, recalling, no doubt correctly, the numbers of MPs who agreed with him privately but refused to speak out in public. He drew a reply from Short however, a reply which well accords with the general low level of Short's mentality: 'We are all aware of the difficulties Sir Arthur has in his own constituency party, and no doubt this is not unconnected with that.'

Alas, the idea Sir Arthur might want to *curry favour* with his constituency party is about a million miles from the truth. One might, indeed, interpret his parliamentary silence as a scrupulous attempt to keep them as annoyed as possible. His CLP wrote recently to the NEC in order to beg them to arrange a meeting between the CLP and Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur refused until the motion against him is withdrawn. He has now said that if the motion is confirmed on 20 May he will take the Chiltern Hundreds. Edge Hill has a declining Labour Party membership; at one stage the Liberals held all but one of the local wards. The Liberals came second in the elections and it will be interesting to see what happens in a by-election. Labour and Liberal both lost heavily to the Tories in Merseyside last week. Are they to suffer another, yet another humiliation? And what mad, dog-in-the-manger impulse is it that drives Sir Arthur Irvine to insist on re-election when he is almost 68? Whatever their chances in a by-election, it will be difficult for the Labour CLP to go back on its vote. Why should they? The best case we have yet seen for Labour Party democracy is – Sir Arthur Irvine.

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Anthony McAdam*

Rhodesia: A Plan for the Whites

It is still anyone's guess whether Dr Owen's latest 'breakthrough' in the long, tedious and seemingly interminable history of haggling and horse-trading with Ian Smith's regime has already collapsed or, to use the current term, is still 'on course'. Certainly, if one is to give any credence to the recent 'clarification' of Mr Smith, the proposed deal does not seem to offer much hope. Mr Smith has now stated that no deal is possible unless the *existing* 'democratic system of government' is maintained. As all experienced Smith watchers know, this is the traditional 'post-breakthrough' ploy with which we have all become so familiar.

Dr Owen's grand strategy, announced this week, with its attempt to steamroll the Smith regime into a handover, suggests the victory of wishful thinking over realism. To offer *any* concessions to Smith, such as the lifting of sanctions before the handover betrays a fatal misunderstanding of the historical record. The two crucial questions at this late stage are (1) whether any genuine majority rule handover is possible given that Britain and Rhodesia have completely different definitions of what 'majority rule' means, and (2) whether we could not save ourselves a great deal of time and further humiliation if we concentrated our efforts on forcing the white power structure of Rhodesia to submit rather than pursuing the ideal of a negotiated settlement – an ideal that has so long proved a will-o'-the-wisp.

As long as Smith and the Rhodesian Front believe that they can hold off the guerrillas and buy time through attempts at what is called an 'internal settlement', they will hold on to white power. The realisation of imminent military defeat is the one single threat that will force a transfer of power. To believe otherwise is to deny the evidence of not only the last 15 years of Rhodesian history, but the last 50. South African and American pressure can obviously affect the military situation, since an enormous range of constraints, obstructions and inducements lies within their power. And, of course, the maintenance of a rigorous control of economic sanctions is essential and must be persisted with even in face of the discouragement of the continual violations by both European and Third World countries and the cynicism of the business world. But there remains one possibility that has not even been tried – the economic manipulation of white migration to and from Rhodesia. Nothing is more sure than that the survival of white Rhodesia turns on the question of whether it can increase, or at the very least maintain, the size of its present white population.

The original model for 'buying out settlers' is the 'Kenya White Acres Scheme' of the early 1960s when hundreds of European settlers in Kenya were paid compensation to leave their land in the 'White Highlands' on the eve of independence. The money was provided by a consortium consisting of the British Government's Colonial Development Fund, the World Bank and smaller contributions from a few European Governments. The total cost was around £100m. and it was seen as an essential part of Britain's decolonisation strategy.

Anthony McAdam was a lecturer in political theory at the University College of Rhodesia 1968-70.

'. . . and people forget my real achievements – now take Cambodia . . .'

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For Rhodesia, such a programme would cost several times what the Kenya programme cost, but considerably less than the $2,000m. talked of under last September's Kissinger plan.

The Kissinger variant, very much alive and a crucial element of the present Anglo-American initiative, really turned the original idea on its head; instead of compensating the settlers *to leave* Rhodesia, the Kissinger scheme emphasised compensation for them *to stay* (to be calculated on a sliding scale, those who stayed longest would get more). This, of course, was based on the assumption that majority rule would mean a mass exodus of whites and that this, in turn, would mean the collapse of the economy. This is a proposition by no means self-evident. A number of the whites, more than likely the better educated and more 'liberal' sections of white Rhodesia (always a small element in Rhodesia given that the whites are a *self-selected* racial 'elite'), might very well choose to stay even with majority rule in the hope of coming to some kind of post-colonial *rapprochement* with the new order, as was achieved by the Kenyan settlers who stayed.

The Kissinger compensation scheme, like so much of the thinking of British politicians on Rhodesia, was based on assumptions that had little basis in reality. The primary assumption about white Rhodesia, which continually crops up, is the belief that white Rhodesia is genuinely a 'settled' community possessing a self-conscious nationalism somewhat comparable to that of its Afrikaner neighbours to the South. Again, this is no self-evident proposition.

Migration Figures

Taking the 1969 census figures, the total population of whites in Rhodesia was then 228,296. Only 41 per cent of this total were born in Rhodesia, of these the majority are still children. Those born outside of Rhodesia come primarily from Britain (24 per cent) and South Africa (21 per cent); the rest from other European countries such as Portugal (recently these are refugees from Angola and Mozambique), Greece and Italy (14 per cent in all). The settler population at present is approximately 250,000 with net emigration in the last year in the order of 7,000 to 8,000, due mainly to the increased guerrilla activity (with the attendant demands of an ever wider conscription net) and the recent raising of the rate of personal income tax. The family emigration allowance has recently been slashed from £4,400 to £884, a fact that makes the latest emigration figures even more impressive.

In the coming years, 'the good life in the sun', the goal that motivated so many of the settlers to come to Rhodesia in the first place, is bound to lose much of its appeal. Since 1973 there has been a net loss of white professional and technical workers (the mainstay of the siege economy) for the first time since 1966, the period immediately following UDI. Those who remain are increasingly the less skilled, more economically vulnerable whites who don't have the qualifications, the money or the confidence to start again in another country. If the decreasing morale of the whites can be exploited by *enabling* them to escape their economic trap, then the present trickle of emigrants could be converted into a flood.

If one looks at the migration figures for the years 1955 to 1973, the net immigration was 50,340. But this was not an accretion to an otherwise stable population, for in this period there was a total gross immigration of 212,326 while the number of emigrants was 161, 986. Of the immigrants to Rhodesia in the years 1964-1969 almost two-thirds left within a five year period. The turnover has been even more pronounced in the years since. It might be more appropriate to see 'white Rhodesia' as a dummy country which provides the formal structure of a 'national' stage for a constantly changing cast. The myth of nationhood is, ironically, believed as firmly by the British Government as by the Rhodesians themselves. If one is to take Ambassador Andrew Young's favourite analogy with the Southern States of America seriously, the Americans also share this illusion.

Achilles Heel

The number of whites on the voters roll is approximately 100,000, which includes about 80 per cent of the white adult population. If one assumes that about 40 per cent of all white Rhodesian adults are female, the total adult male population is no more than 65,000-75,000. At most only 20 per cent of white Rhodesians are without a legal *claim* to some other nationality (and it could be even less). Remarkably, over 80 per cent of the Rhodesian Front MPs in Parliament in 1965, the year of UDI, were born outside Rhodesia and Smith himself is the *first* Rhodesian-born Prime Minister.

What these facts and figures suggest is that white Rhodesia is not a permanent community with 'roots in the soil'; the vast majority are 'birds of passage' who will increasingly want to move on to safer pastures; even the more rooted settlers (mostly those with South African backgrounds) tend to look on South Africa as their metropolitan power and focus, rather than Britain. Furthermore, the popular image of the hardy settler who 'knows the African' after slogging away in the bush is largely myth – most whites in Rhodesia have industrial or clerical occupations and over 80 per cent live in urban areas (mostly in either Salisbury or Bulawayo). It is true that UDI, and the years of siege (carrying a psychological impact as well as an economic one), have made for a kind of *ersatz* nationalism through which the RF has tried to reinforce these popular self-images of the hardy settler doing battle with a wicked and communist-inspired enemy, but the measure of their success is best judged by the emigration figures rather than by the efficient outpourings of the Rhodesian propaganda machine.

'A new delicacy from the supermarket! Norwegian herring in oil.'

If we disregard the interminable shadow-boxing of Smith with his cynical talk of an 'internal settlement' (an old ruse going back at least as far as the Domboshawa *Indaba* with the tribal chiefs in 1964), and if, as looks likely, the conditions for a genuine negotiated 'transfer of power' to African majority rule do not present themselves in the near future, what then are the realistic policy alternatives for a British Government?

What is needed is a reconsideration of earlier compensation schemes with different provisions and a different emphasis. The primary objective of any such policy should be to induce a significant number of settlers in Rhodesia *to leave*. Emigration is the Achilles Heel of white Rhodesia and when one is dealing with such a very small population to start off with, one already stretched to its limits, both economically and militarily, even a minor reduction can have quite disproportionate consequences. Of course, it is also important to reduce the flow of immigrants to Rhodesia; but this aspect is not central at the moment – if for no other reason than that the circumstances of war and economic uncertainty are providing powerful disincentives.

Unspoken Fear

The ties that bind many whites to Rhodesia have more to do with the severe Rhodesian currency restrictions that trap their life's savings than with any desire to fight to the end for the 'White Man's Place in Africa' in some future Armageddon on the Zambezi. The 'glamour' that attaches to the rebel is, for most white Rhodesians, poor compensation for the loss of the more highly prized but mundane consolations of economic security and personal safety. One should not underestimate the power of that crucial, intangible, unspoken fear.

If any migration scheme is to work, in the absence of the removal of the rebel regime, it must obviously be externally administered and financed. The most appropriate structure would seem to be to establish an international consortium consisting of representatives of the British and American Governments, the World Bank and possibly a single representative each from the EEC Commission and the Commonwealth Secretariat. Such a programme would obviously need the full co-operation of the United States and the White Com-

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monwealth (on the basis of undertakings given in relation to the Kissinger deal, a certain optimism is warranted) who, along with Britain, would no doubt constitute the most popular countries for resettlement. The role of South Africa is problematic.

Of course, the implementation of a migration scheme can only bring about the political and economic *preconditions* in which a white surrender of power becomes inescapable. But at least it offers a real chance – and perhaps the only one – of a relatively bloodless transition to African majority rule.

Naomi Shepherd

Israel's Kaleidoscopic Choice

The only memorable slogan in Israel's current election campaign has been that coined by a group of angry kibbutzniks. Roughly translated it runs: 'Israelis stop moaning'. It is the rational reaction to the doomsday chorus broadcast from all the political bandwagons. The message of all the main parties has been that only they can save the nation from impending disaster. All the important issues have been relegated to after the elections, from Labour's very own peace plan to the territorial intentions of the Likud, while Professor Yadin (whose party, Democratic Movement for Change, is expected to take third place in the Knesset) says that he will decide whether to join forces with Labour or the Likud only after the results are in.

While previous campaigns stressed policies, the current fight is between personalities. Poor Mr Rabin has been bundled out of the public eye, while Alignment propaganda quotes the praises of Peres voiced by Ben Gurion, Jimmy Carter and *Time* magazine, and claims that Peres worked while Begin talked and Yadin dug. In Likud propaganda, doves are sinister birds, and defeatists like Allon and Eban lead Peres behind them. In an attempt to wipe out his extremist image, Mr Begin is represented as a grandfather and modest family man who not only has no foreign bank account but even lives off his Knesset salary.

The DMC claims that 'there are plenty of good economic plans: all that is lacking is the ability to carry them out' and fields a team of ex-generals and industrialists most of whom are totally innocent of political experience. Concentrating on personalities and exploiting the current mud-slinging campaigns, most parties have abjured ideology. Stress has been laid on the 'pragmatism and flexibility' of the new leaders, i.e. their lack of clearly defined ideas on any given subject. Mr Peres said in a recent interview that while 'in his heart' he was still in favour of a functional solution for the West Bank (in clearer language, continuing Israeli control) he recognised that in proposing concessions Israel might gain a tactical advantage in negotiations. The Likud has given no indication of what its economic programme might be and has avoided mentioning the annexation of territories. Professor Yadin denies that his team is a very mixed bag politically, and argues that each problem Israel faces must be treated separately. His condition for coalition support is the commitment to reorganise government structure and hold fresh elections under a reformed electoral system: foreign and other domestic policies must wait.

No wonder then that so many politicians have changed sides and revised alliances, and that the electorate itself is showing unprecedented indecision. In a country where even the football teams go under party political colours, and the election turnout is usually 80 to 90 per cent of the voters, a record 30 per cent of the electorate – according to one newspaper poll last week – were still undecided on how to vote. The problem is not primarily that of a mad proliferation of parties, for only ten of the 22 in the line-up are expected to win Knesset seats. It is that of people who previously had firm commitments to specific parties and are now unaligned. Labour is expected by most of the Israeli pundits to lose up to ten seats because of its infighting, the financial scandals which have bugged the party recently and its inability to check inflation or solve labour disputes. Few defectors are expected to cross the board to the Likud because they fear open confrontation with the Americans under a right-wing government, but the votes they cast for other parties may well decide the nature of the next coalition.

The only conclusions to be drawn from recent polls are that once more no one party will be able to govern save in coalition, and that this time the nature of that coalition is unpredictable. Under these circumstances both Yadin's DMC and the National Religious Party will wield power out of all proportion to their electoral strength and both could join forces either with Labour or the Likud. Abba Eban, Labour's number three, predicted last week that the NRP would join a coalition including the Alignment and DMC. However the NRP platform, published last week, stressed that their main political role was to affirm Israel's historical right to an undivided land of Israel, that is to oppose any withdrawal in the West Bank or Gaza, and suggested that the old school of religious politicians who traded their support for basic Labour policies in foreign affairs for concessions on domestic religious ones had been outvoted.

Analysis of the 1977 electorate suggests that the ethnic question may be of more political significance this time round. Each party has been courting the Oriental Jews, who now number 39 per cent of the electorate as the western voters are older, and have a lower birthrate. Moreover the 'minorities', three-quarters of whom are Moslem, now may tend to vote for the Rakah-Minorities Front list which stresses their political and social grievances and comes near to proportional representation of their 8 per cent strength in the electorate. As urban concentrations of Oriental Jews have traditionally been Likud supporters and the Arab population of Israel increasingly Rakah-Communist supporters, this suggests a polarisation of two important groups in the electorate at a time when party loyalties are increasingly blurred.

While the larger parties' platforms are amorphous and their post-election alliances crystal-ball rather than computer fodder it is the smaller parties which have given this dreary campaign some colour. Arik Sharon rides again for Greater Israel and a smaller bureaucracy, a born loner in the day of pragmatic compromise. Shelli, pro-Palestinian, anti-annexationist, campaigns from caravans in defiance of the election laws for a programme including minority rights and legalised homosexuality. Its leaders have suggested, in one of the more mind-boggling arguments of this campaign, that it will actually be easier to fight the next war from the 1967 borders.

On the wilder fringes are the Rabbi Kahane of the Jewish Defence League, braving army roadblocks in repeated attempts to rout the West Bank Arabs singlehanded, and Monsieur Samuel Flatto, a fugitive from the French inland revenue who promises loans and old age homes to anyone who will vote for him and his kingdom of the rich. With political ideas so thin on the ground, moreover, it is scarcely surprising that some of the smaller parties are actually accusing one another of having grabbed their pet policies. Thus the Independent Liberals and the DMC both claim government reorganisation as their territory, while the Citizens' Rights movement and Independent Liberals both advocate freedom from religious coercion. Only Charlie Biton of the Panthers claims with some justice that his entire political career has been concentrated on the battle against deprivation – no other party can boast of having redistributed the milk bottles of the rich to the poor.

Meanwhile the American Administration is waiting somewhat impatiently for Israel to name the day for negotiations. Despite tactful applause for Carter's hints of forthcoming Middle East action from Peres and Allon, Jerusalem is seriously disturbed by signs that Washington may make Israel's supply of sophisticated weaponry dependent on territorial concessions. Moreover recent statements of policy suggest that if Israel will not define what she means by defensible borders soon, Washington will step in. It is precisely the bugbear of 'the imposed solution' which would be most likely to lead to a national unity coalition of the Alignment and the Likud, even though Peres has denied that this is a viable possibility. Such a coalition would be a last resort to stave off political disintegration at home. But where foreign policy is concerned, it would represent a retreat from reality. Israel could do worse next week than to take the kibbutzniks' advice.

Jerusalem

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Alexander Cockburn

First Cracks in Carter's Consensus

Just at the moment when Jimmy Carter was solemnly agreeing with his peers in London that unemployment was bad and inflation also, George McGovern was announcing to a liberal Democratic audience in Washington that sometimes it was hard to remember exactly which party triumphed in last November's presidential election. In some detail McGovern recalled Carter's campaign promises thus far breached: on unemployment, health insurance, energy, defence spending. Those who stood up to John Kennedy, he told his audience, should not be afraid to fight Carter too.

It could not be said that McGovern's tirade caused much of a stir. For one thing, the attention of the American press was concentrated, to the exclusion of most other news, on the President's sortie to London. Economic summit conferences have, of course, one great advantage over other elevated conclaves: namely, that as actual substance is either never revealed to the press or is incomprehensible to it anyway, everyone feels free to dwell on the frolicsome trimmings. It should be added that economic summit conferences held in London have the added virtue of almost unavoidable superiority to Ramsay MacDonald's disastrous effort in 1933. Every American commentator, with any sagacity, found it *de rigueur* to animadvert how much things had improved – summitwise – since Roosevelt's men had sabotaged the London economic conference, held in the crypt of the Museum of Natural History.

Only the most callous of the US press party accompanying the President found it necessary to remark that the conference was, in fact, somewhat of a failure, given the heartless reception accorded to Carter's views by Schmidt and Fukuda. The underlying theme of the coverage was, rather, the legitimacy of the US leader as opposed to all the other panjandrums staying in London. Reviewing the political vicissitudes of Andreotti, Giscard, Trudeau, not to mention Callaghan himself, the American press expressed some complacency at the fact that *their* President was quite definitely safe in office and pretty well certain to stay that way until 1980.

There is evidently a certain truth to such invocations of presidential stability. Resignation or impeachment appear unlikely before the expiry of his first term. Carter stands high in the ratings. Americans by the pollful think he is doing a good job (undefined). Indeed, the main enterprise of the first 100 days was for the President to confirm himself in the eyes of the electorate as the man truly in charge. This was achieved, according to a careful (recently leaked) programme laid out by his pollster, Pat Caddell, by rigorous concentration on style – radio talk-in, visit to a town meeting in Massachusetts, penny-pinching on appurtenances at the White House, openness and so forth. Success has followed on Carter's faithful adoption of Caddell's advice. The base that won him such a narrow victory over Ford has now been extended into Republican terrain, with a frail consensus transmuted into a sturdy one. But with McGovern's assault in mind, one has to ask just how secure it really is.

It should be said straightaway that an attack by George McGovern does not portend a mass onslaught by liberals in the US Congress. His will be, for the time being at least, a lonely act of public defiance by so prominent a Democratic politician. Earlier in the week Carter informed Democratic leaders in the Congress that he intended to balance the Budget by 1981. Many of them emerged from the meeting somewhat aghast, muttering that a Republican was indeed sitting in the White House. But by the weekend many of these same people were quick to distance themselves from McGovern.

What of organised labour, crucial in Carter's victory? He has not offered much. The unions have looked for increased protectionism against imports of shoes, clothing, electronic goods, and found little encouragement in the Administration. They looked for a minimum wage of at least $3 an hour and found Carter recommending $2.50. They looked for a large amount of public spending to create jobs and indeed rapid expansion of the economy in general. Instead they have witnessed the Administration engaged in the Sisyphean task of 'winning the confidence of business'.

The common wisdom is that Labour has nowhere else to go, and thus will doggedly take a thrashing in the name of fiscal responsibility so long as it is a Democrat rather than a Republican dishing out the punishment. But Labour has a couple of things it can dish out every election year too; namely, money and political support. Mid-term elections for many Senators and Representatives loom up in 1978. Union people will be looking for performance in the politicians they will be backing then and it is a consideration no Democrat, eyeing a come-back by Republicans, can afford to overlook.

Such pressures will not produce a dramatic revolt against Carter and his Administration but they will enhance more diffuse, but nonetheless telling, ill-feeling and opposition in the Congress. Congressmen did not appreciate being urged to go back to their districts last month to sell the $50 tax rebate recommended by the President, only to wake up one morning to find that he has abandoned the idea. These same Congressmen, viewing the prospect of selling higher fuel prices to their constituents as part of the President's energy plan, are muttering that they would like rather harder guarantees that they will not one day turn on their television sets to find that Carter has abandoned that notion too. They are still unsure what will happen when Carter really has to fight something down to the wire. Thus far, to the gratification of businessmen and annoyance of Republicans who have seen their own positions usurped, he has not exhibited much stamina.

Beyond the confines of Congress and conventional political life there are interesting tremors, as yet faint but of potential significance all the same. At the same time as Carter was having fun in London and McGovern was declaiming in Washington, the police in New Hampshire were arresting 2,000 demonstrators who had invaded the site of a planned nuclear reactor at Seabrook. This was a carefully staged event, the third in a series put together by a number of anti-nuclear groups called the Clamshell Alliance. Each demonstration has been larger than the previous one, in a phased escalation of turn-out. Refusing selective bail, most of the demonstrators have already spent the better part of a week in makeshift jails, listening to the tirades of Governor Meldrim Thompson, the extreme conservative who has been talking darkly of another 'Chicago'.

The Seabrook occupation was an occasion of some importance, the first intimation of civil commotion since the end of the Vietnam war. The demonstration brought together – in a way not previously experienced in this country, though reminiscent of recent coalitions in France and West Germany – activists on the Left and members of the environmental movement. 'Political ecology' is becoming a favoured catchphrase.

There are likely to be more such demonstrations, since the energy plan proposes a speed-up in the construction of light water nuclear reactors all over the country. The plan also proposes legislation making it more difficult for environmental groups to delay or avert such construction by legal means. Anti-nuclear forces have now come to see Carter's energy proposals – his denunciations of plutonium notwithstanding – as both evidence and portent of an increasingly repressive pro-nuclear policy in the United States. They are beginning to think that the only way of combating such developments is by methods last seen in the civil rights and anti-Vietnam movements.

Of course one feature of Carter's administration is the presence within it – generally in second-rung jobs – of many of the leaders of the environmental and consumer movements which have had such effect over the last decade. Such people embody, often credibly as yet, the liberal aspect of the Administration. Through the Nixon and Ford years they fought, often successfully, for important legislation in the areas of health, environment, industrial safety, freedom of information, consumers' rights and so on. They represent a large, generally middle-class constituency, and they cannot forever tolerate a purely cosmetic function in the Administration. Yet the rightward tilt of the Carter consensus would appear to be consigning them to that role.

It would be misleading to propose a solid and imminently bellicose coalition stretching all the way from Naderites, now enjoying government positions, to the demonstrators at Seabrook. Yet increasing disillusion among the former and increasing activism by the latter could ultimately, unpleasantly, disrupt the *Pax Carteriana* presently endured or enjoyed in such relative tranquillity.

New York

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Robin Cook

A Tartan Print for Scotland

The date is January 1976 and the scene is somewhere in Glasgow. I have just finished a televised debate on the Government's devolution proposals and to my pleasant surprise we have prevailed on the studio audience to return a verdict against burdening the Scottish Assembly with control of the economy. As I enter the reception lounge I am greeted by Alastair Hetherington who is newly installed on the premises and is dispensing a glutinous liquid which the BBC insists is wine. 'Well,' I remark jauntily, 'We were quite pleased with that result,' at which the impartial Controller of BBC Scotland snaps, 'I wasn't. I thought it should have gone the other way.'

I am reminded of this cautionary tale of media objectivity by the publication of *Scotland 1980*, edited by Donald Mackay (Q Press £5.95, £2.40 paperback) who appeared on the same programme for the vanquished side. Not to be deterred by the verdict of his studio audience, Alastair Hetherington that very night offered to put up half the funds Professor Mackay required to muster the cabal of academics who have produced this study of the economic viability of an independent Scotland. It is not so much the propriety of the BBC financing an overtly political project which has raised eyebrows, as the patent implausibility of Alastair Hetherington agreeing to fund a similar study of the viability of *Tribune*'s alternative strategy, or for that matter Keith Joseph's new monetarism – far less his station treating either to the five-programme analysis with which they have honoured Professor Mackay.

However, it would be churlish to let our reservations about the disinterestedness of his backers mar our appreciation of Professor Mackay's latest opus. After all, he and his confederates have conclusively demonstrated that Scottish economic policy after independence will not be a simple matter of smiting the rock to let the oil revenues flood out. On the contrary, they consistently emphasise that the principal objective of economic management would be to plug the flow of revenue from the oilfields before it swamps the economy. Failure to do so will certainly allow the Scots to enjoy a decade or two of high wages and lavish public expenditure, but only at the expense of the indigenous industries which are liable to drown in the rising tide of high prices and exchange rates.

Their conclusion is that the bulk of the oil revenues must be invested *abroad*, though in exactly what they are less precise. Those readers with a sense of history will recollect that the last time a Scottish government decided to encourage investment abroad it promoted the Darien scheme, which brought ruin upon the nation by sinking over a third of its capital in a fruitless attempt to colonise a strip of Panama jungle. Doubtless our officials are wiser now and besides they will have Professor Mackay to guide them, but we should note that his solitary specific suggestion is decidedly eccentric – 'major purchases of art treasures would be a prudent long-term investment . . . and also a means of stimulating the tourist industry.'

Clearly not all the contributors feel comfortable whilst contemplating independence. For instance, John Firn in a perceptive article on industrial policy sours the general optimism by revealing that the nation would enter upon independence with only 12 per cent of all employment provided by the private manufacturing sector – far below the UK or those Scandinavian countries to which the SNP are so fond of comparing Scotland. Nor does he appear entirely confident about the survival of even that narrow base, a view which gained topical support from the chief executive of the Weir Group, Clydeside's major engineering combine, who has predicted that an immediate consequence of separation would be a 40 per cent drop in his company payroll.

The results of last week's elections suggest that these doubts are still widely shared, as the rise in the SNP vote compared with the 1974 District elections was mostly a function of the larger number of candidates whom they fielded. In Edinburgh, where they had predicted they would take 15-18 seats, they wound up with only five, and in Glasgow they actually polled fewer votes than in 1968. This does not make it a great result for Labour who lost control of 12 Districts and in Glasgow actually polled fewer votes than the SNP, but it indicates that the Nationalist bandwagon is not an irresistible juggernaut.

Indeed, it is an ironic comment on the collapse of the Government's Devolution Bill that in the event the Labour Party appears to have done less badly in Scotland than in England. Devolution was the great absent issue on the hustings, and if further proof were needed of the low priority with which the electorate regard the hail stramash we have it in the steady revival of the Conservatives in Scotland throughout a period when Thatcher has been firmly steering them away from any devolution commitment.

There was always a curious contradiction in seeking to pacify the separation vote by parleying about devolution, since the advent of Home Rule was likely to be a centralising impetus within Scotland, which is illustrated repeatedly in the essays which Donald Mackay has brought together. For instance, the contributor of the chapter on public expenditure blithely proposes that rates become a national tax, so that government may the better control local spending. Professor Tait in a stimulating chapter on financial institutions points out that it is by no means self-evident that a Scottish Central Bank would permit the national clearing banks to print their own notes, a system which enables them to maintain twice as much till-money as their English equivalents and so permits isolated branches to survive.

But it is the author of the proposals on Labour market policy who really lets the cat out of the bag. After dismissing 'grandiose ideas about workers' self-management' as 'pipe dreams', he observes that the real advantage of a self-governing Scotland would be 'a compact and small economy which is amenable to fairly centralised and integrated administration'. It does not sound as if they will permit any pipe dreams about devolving power to the people either.

Mervyn Jones

Your Truly Local Council

Last week's county council elections, notable of course for the swing to the Tories, should suggest two other reflections. First, although the turnout was higher than usual and in places even reached 50 per cent, it showed once again that millions of voters are – as they politely say to canvassers – not interested. Secondly, with every decade it's more emphatically obvious that voters are using local elections to pass judgment on the record of central government, not on the administration of their own towns.

Councils, both county and borough or (outside London) district, have become increasingly remote from genuinely local concerns. Councillors themselves tend, more and more often, not to live in the area they represent or possess any background knowledge of its problems. If the Labour Party thinks that intelligent young Mrs X, living in St John's Wood, would be an asset on the Westminster Council, it doesn't seem wrong to nominate her for a ward in Pimlico, where the Labour voters are. Town halls, with their swollen staffs, have become as bewildering to the citizen as ministries. These regrettable trends were greatly intensified by the thoroughly bad structural 'reform' pushed through by the Heath government. Under the two-tier system, only experts know where responsibility for a given decision lies. And the authorities are much too big; the old councils for places like Caerphilly, Ashton-under-Lyne or Bermondsey worked reasonably well, and are certainly missed.

Rural areas have suffered least because they still have parish councils. Though in reality powerless, these councils do provide a means of voicing the wishes and grievances of a community, and sometimes put up effective resistance to the schemes of remote authority. But what about the towns and cities in which the great majority of British people live – and which, as historians and even guidebooks point out, are really

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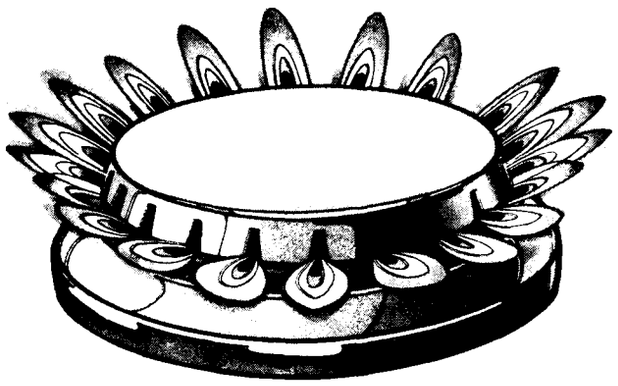
INVISIBLE EARNINGS

CAR EXPORTS



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composed of dozens of identifiable urban villages?

Over the last few years – significantly since the present structure was clamped on a resentful populace – an answer has begun to emerge. Quite unofficially, neighbourhood councils came into existence. Mostly they developed out of residents' associations and similar bodies which had functioned as pressure groups; sometimes they were helped by official councils anxious to restore communication with the 'villages' (though certain councils tried to discourage them). There are now about 150 neighbourhood councils all over the country, with the movement most advanced in London and Liverpool.

If you drive out of central London on the race-track beyond the Hammersmith flyover, you have the Thames on your left and Grove Ward on your right. It's decidedly a village, the sort of place where you'd never go unless you knew somebody there. The population is about 10,000 living at a high density in 19th-century terraced houses. On the map it's a tangle of 48 short streets.

The houses are mainly owner-occupied, though some people are tenants of private landlords and others of housing trusts. Exceptionally for an inner London neighbourhood, there is very little council property. Sub-letting is fairly frequent, for Grove Ward is traditionally a home for building workers, many of them Irish. Some houses still have outside toilets and lack bathrooms, and the poorest part of the ward is a housing action area (without much action these days). At the other extreme, houses have been bought and improved by middle-class people, often working in the BBC's nearby Television Centre. Councillors remark anxiously on the beginnings of 'Islingtonification'. However, Grove Ward has a definite working-class character. There are lots of children and also lots of old people, common characteristics of such big-city neighbourhoods. About 9 per cent are black or Asian.

Emerging from a development project sponsored by Hammersmith Borough Council, the neighbourhood council was set up in 1973. The HBC makes an annual grant of £4,000 and extra funds are raised by bazaars, fairs and the like. There seems to be no rivalry between the unofficial councillors and the (Labour) members of the HBC from the ward, all of whom live in it. Neighbourhood councillors are elected for two years, so the third election is coming up. Every voter in the ward selects 20 names from the 30 or so candidates. In case of resignation the closest defeated candidate gets a seat, so there's no need for mini-by-elections. When the council is elected, the poll is always higher than the norm for official elections.

Candidates stand without political labels and are not allowed to distribute any electioneering matter. They must rely on brief statements about their personal record and interests, printed in the election issue of the council's paper *Neighbours*. Current members include a milkman, a London Airport porter (the only black member), a newsagent, an actress, a TV producer, a lawyer, and an 18-year-old secretary. Thirteen of the 20 are women.

Council activities are partly campaigning, partly practical work. The big campaign has been against the plan to turn Glenthorne Road, which parallels the A4, into a dual carriageway. Crossing it to reach the shops in King Street would be a nightmare for children and the old. Protests from Grove Ward forced the GLC to reconsider and delayed the project, but now it seems likely to go ahead.

On the practical side, the council uses most of its money to run a neighbourhood centre, housed in a prefab, and to pay a 'centre worker' (no better term could be thought of). The centre has been a huge success, drawing a constant stream of people with problems which they wouldn't venture to take to the Town Hall. It's used at different times by a children's play-group, a club for pensioners, and a club for unsupported mothers; also for adult literacy classes and English classes for Asians, especially women who might otherwise never learn. The council has also carried out a survey of empty houses in the ward, and has made a fuss about the condition of prefabs.

The council runs Christmas parties, various social functions, and a summer street carnival. And it publishes *Neighbours*, which goes free into every letter-box and has proved its value in focussing the common concerns of the neighbourhood.

A council meeting. The atmosphere is business-like but informal; agreement is easily reached and few votes are taken. The first item is the redecoration of the centre, to be carried out by young offenders as a bit of social reparation; it's agreed to supply them with fish and chips. Then there's a discussion about how to get child-minders to bring kids to the centre instead of keeping them all day in their homes. 'We must find out about the illegal ones,' someone remarks. The feeling is that they will come forward without fear, since they don't identify this council with authority.

The main item is the coming election. All members present say either that they'll stand again or they'll think about it. What about those who aren't present? The airport porter is a poor attender at meetings, so someone else? Yes, another member replies, but he's the only link with the West Indian population and he has suggested other West Indians as possible members. It's suggested that each candidate should have eight supporters to get on the ballot, but agreed in the end that two would be enough. The meeting goes on to discuss plans for the carnival.

It seems small – parish-pump, as they say. But I think it's something we need. As authority becomes more and more oblivious of human and community feelings, we may need it very much.

Mary Holland

Dr Paisley's Reverse

On Tuesday the Ulster Loyalists' strike called, as the Reverend Ian Paisley has never stopped reminding us, to protest at the lack of adequate security and the loss of innocent lives, claimed its first victim. A 46-year-old bus driver was shot dead in the Crumlin Road by a youth who got on to his bus and fired at close range. It happened a few hours after Dr Paisley had elaborately stage-managed his own arrest as a martyr for his principles in his home town of Ballymena. So far 17 busmen have been injured in this strike, three of them seriously. Others have had bricks flung through their windscreens, had their tyres deflated and been driven off their buses together with their passengers. On Tuesday night, a few hours after the bus driver was shot on the Crumlin Road, a bomb exploded at a petrol station which had defied the strike call and remained open. That killed one person and injured 12 others. The bomb at the Sirocco works the next day didn't injure anybody but didn't exactly encourage productivity either.

It was predictable that as the Loyalist leaders struggled to salvage the strike the atmosphere would become a great deal more bitter. For those going to work in the shipyard or in big factories there was at least the solidarity of workmates doing the same thing and the security of the police at the gates. But it has taken a lot of courage to open a small shop in a small Protestant town these past few days. As one shopkeeper said to me: 'It isn't so bad now, there's a lot of attention focussed on us, but what happens afterwards? That's what I'm worried about.'

As he must know himself, Mr Roy Mason has been very lucky on several counts in this strike. What he has been most blessed with has been the extraordinary nerve of ordinary working people in defying not only the outright threats, but the more subtle pressures which have built up over the past eight years, not to take any unnecessary risks, not to be the one person who takes a chance. He has also been fortunate in other ways. From the start the strike was very badly organised. The strike leaders seem to have expected that the protest would gather momentum and more or less organise itself. It didn't, and so they were forced back on the tactics of widespread intimidation which, even when effective, killed any illusion that the strike commanded popular support.

The strike leaders complained bitterly that the media underestimated their support and instead accepted the Northern Ireland Office line that everything was virtually normal. Certainly the BBC, prompted perhaps by a desire to rebuild its bridges with Mr Mason after Keith Kyle's controversial *Tonight* programme of a few weeks ago, played an important part in encouraging people to believe that the situation was

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- The 800MW sets at Bruce nuclear station in Canada commissioned in 1976 are the most powerful machines of British design to go on load anywhere in the world.
- For 13 years Parsons machines have consistently dominated the CEGB's thermal efficiency table. In each of the last four years the *top four* stations had Parsons turbine-generators.
- For the year 1976-77 the four Parsons 500MW machines at Ratcliffe coal-fired power station generated nearly 14,000 million units – 900 million units more than the previous CEGB record, itself set by Ratcliffe.
- Six of the eight 660MW sets commissioned in the UK and the only ones to achieve full load, are of Parsons manufacture.
- The first 660MW set at the South of Scotland Electricity Board's Hunterston AGR nuclear station generated twice its planned output in its first year of operation.
- Since the industry was rationalised in 1968, Parsons has won over 56% of the export orders for turbine-generators obtained by UK manufacturers. Sets have been supplied to 22 customers in 14 countries.
- The forced outage rate of the last eight CEGB 500MW sets of Heaton design has been 1.58%. This rate compares with the published figure of 3.3% for American sets of comparable size.
- Parsons is a major employer of skilled labour in the Northern Region – the area with the highest unemployment rate in Great Britain.
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completely under control and the strike only a matter of a few isolated protests. Its early morning radio bulletins were models of reassurance, conveying to anxious breakfast-time listeners that it was perfectly safe to go to work, and that most people in most factories were doing so. Whether they were entirely accurate is another matter. One policeman out on early morning duty outside the shipyard said it was a propaganda war in which the propaganda worked one day late. On the first day the Northern Ireland Office claimed that say 30 per cent turned up for work and this 30 per cent duly arrived on the second day. The 60 per cent turnout claimed for the second day turned up on the third day, and so on.

Still, it worked. People did return to work, and having done so found the courage to remain. It is important that the strike was rejected by most people here if only because the situation would have been so much worse if they had responded to what was in effect a stark demand for the restoration of Protestant power. The temptation now will be to regard this rejection of the strike as evidence of a dramatic shift in political attitudes here. Already one begins to sense a rosy glow at Westminster and in the press. After all, if Paisley is isolated with the hard men what is now to stop more moderate Protestant politicians from moving forward to clasp hands in harmony with their fellow moderates on the Catholic side? Such euphoria is misplaced. For a start it is much too early to write-off Dr Paisley and what he represents. The most immediate visible result of the strike is the appearance of an embittered and determined rump on the Protestant side who now claim that everyone – their traditional political leaders, the British Government, even the police – is against them and that there is no way they can get their grievances heard. We have already seen such people at work in Northern Ireland this week in the increased violence on the streets of Belfast and in the blockades of small country towns by angry farmers. They are unlikely to go away.

Quite apart from this reaction and the threat it presents of new violence here, it would also be optimistic to assume that the collapse of the strike presages any change in the hearts and minds of more moderate responsible politicians. At first it seemed that any isolating of Dr Paisley or erosion of his political authority would present other Protestant leaders with a unique opportunity to consider moving forward from their traditional entrenched positions. Unfortunately the politicians in question don't see the situation like that. Most Unionists have made it clear that they are in vigorous agreement with Dr Paisley's demands for increased security measures and a devolved government based on majority rule. They refrained from supporting him because they saw no way he could win and feared that his methods would precipitate a confrontation between the Protestant community and the British Government. They see the failure of the strike as the first step towards rebuilding a strong Unionist bloc from which undesirable elements like Dr Paisley will be excluded and which can then go to the British Government as the responsible, irresistible voice of the Unionist majority to claim its birthright. The Unionist's birthright is, of course, the same as Dr Paisley's – a Protestant parliament for a Protestant people, which is the reason Northern Ireland was created in the first place.

More immediately, Unionist politicians see the collapse of the strike and the parts they claim to have played in defeating it as entitling them to a prize for good behaviour from the Government for, as one of them put it to me, 'delivering the Protestant community this time'. A few concessions on security – like introducing the death penalty for terrorists – would probably be quite acceptable for a start.

They do not see this latest turning point as an occasion to make any gesture towards the Catholic minority. Harry West, the official Unionist Party leader, made that very clear this week when he rejected the Loyalist strike council's suggestion of a local security council on the grounds that members of the Catholic SDLP would have to be involved. Such a step would be unthinkable, presumably because they are all seen as supporters of the IRA.

Lost opportunities for fresh starts are nothing new in Ulster. As Winston Churchill remarked over 50 years ago, things do not change very much in the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone. For the moment Mr Mason must be content that the people of Northern Ireland decided against taking a disastrous step backwards this time.

Belfast

Tana de Zulueta

Venice: The Biennale of Dissent

The Biennale of Venice hasn't, in the last few years, been shy of politics. It has dedicated festivals to opposition artists from Chile and Spain. This year Soviet dissent seemed the theme of the moment. Russian dissidents were getting headlines all over the world, a group of Czech intellectuals had proclaimed their 'Charter 77', and Jimmy Carter was adding fuel to the fire by supporting them all. This time its president Carlo Ripa di Meana proposed a Biennale of East European dissent. The Soviet Government didn't appreciate the implicit comparison with the regimes of Franco and Pinochet. And in an article in *Izvestia* they said as much. Trade relations between Italy and Russia have been flourishing, and the Italian Government doesn't want to jeopardise them. For reasons of state the programme on dissent seemed to have got off to a bad start. Sensing the distinct lack of enthusiasm Ripa di Meana pointed an accusing finger: if the Government really believes in cultural freedom it must provide the necessary funds for the Biennale without delay. In fact the delays so far have lasted a month and a half.

Ripa di Meana (who is half Russian and Jewish on his mother's side) is defending the Biennale of dissent 'as a point of principle'. Originally the idea came from his party, the Socialists. They have recently taken up various civil rights issues, and supporting dissident artists fits in with this policy. But it is also a way of putting the Italian Communist Party on the spot. The official PCI reaction was 'correct, if not heroic'. There was no opposition to the project from the communist members of the Biennale governing board. It was the critics who had reservations. Giulio Argan (stressing that he spoke as a critic, and not as communist mayor of Rome) said he didn't find the work of the Soviet dissident artists available in Europe 'good enough to justify an exhibition dedicated entirely to them'. The communist sculptor Guttuso also had his doubts. Another critic, writing in the communist evening paper *Pæse Sera*, challenged Ripa di Meana to be a bit more specific about exactly what he was going to show before asking for funds. Ripa di Meana dismisses all these criticisms as 'political': they merely spring from the PCI's reluctance to challenge the Soviet Union.

The debate, apparently, is strictly political. And that, for some artists and critics, is precisely the problem. Ripa di Meana is a political man and his choices are political. Yet the aim of the Biennale of Venice is to bring together what is new and most promising in the art world. Politics, they feel, may not have much to do with it. Ripa di Meana's critics also claim that the cumbersome administration of the Biennale soaks up an unnecessary amount of money. Half of the £2m. grant which he is asking for will go to pay staff and past debts, before even starting to acquire the works of art.

Two months ago, Nikita Ryjov, the Russian ambassador in Rome, entered the scene. He peremptorily gave his country's ultimatum to the Italian Foreign Ministry. The Biennale's programme on dissent must be changed. And since then the Soviet Government has obligingly suggested how – by offering the whole Veneto region an exhibition entitled 'The Days of Soviet Culture'.

There are now five months to go before the Biennale, and nothing has been prepared. The director of the visual arts section has resigned. A programme on East European dissent, he says, should have been set in motion at least a year ago. Finding, and above all obtaining, significant works is a lengthy business. 'And in any case, I don't think a Biennale of art should have strictly political themes.' His forecast is pretty gloomy: 'It's even too late to plan a programme for 1978.' But setting art aside, with whatever reluctance and provisos, he feels the Biennale of dissent has already achieved its aim. Thanks to the row in Parliament and the press, it has brought the problem of Soviet dissent right into the Italian political arena.

Rome

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London Diary

☐ Long faces in the Temple this week. It would, after all, have been a smashing case; the judge was no doubt looking forward to it as a welcome alternative to Saturday night punch-ups down the Harrow Road, and the lawyers were about to become the beneficiaries of the Goldenballs Defence Fund. But it's splendid news all the same. The destruction of *Private Eye* was unthinkable. It still contains the best comic writers since Beachcomber, its inventive names are works of genius and what a dull and pompous place England would be without it. Great credit reflects on all concerned for what seems a very sensible settlement, including Simon Jenkins who apparently acted as a conciliator. London can't do without the *Evening Standard* either. Let's hope we can now tolerate the same freedom for satire we showed in the days of Pope and Swift, and the law of criminal libel may be laid peacefully to rest.

☐ The advantage of eating in a London club is unsolicited conversation. A bright-eyed, bearded man sat next to me this week and started unexpectedly during the roast beef: 'What do you do to your female crew when you meet a force-eight gale in the Channel?' he asked – and immediately answered his own question: 'Double your fist, hit her on the head and stun her. That way she's much less likely to get washed overboard.' When I digested this information I asked him if the sport of yachting were not, after all, fraught with danger. 'Only if you can swim,' he told me. 'Then you try to make for the shore and invariably drown. I can't swim so I cling to the wreckage; then they pick me up by helicopter.' It was a conversation containing much wisdom and a lesson for life; and I left fully intending to write a book about my possible survival into the 1980s. The title? *Cling to the Wreckage.*

☐ Good news for Dr Joseph Court, the American pharmacist whose work has been greeted by the *New York Times* as of 'Nobel Prize level'. And who, you may well ask, is Dr Court? Around 1954 he was hounded from his native America by the McCarthy investigations, and then deported from Britain despite the protests of Lord Stansgate and other concerned people. Times have changed, the member of the Benn family now in Parliament voted in favour of the unexplained Agee and Hosenball deportations; but we seem no less anxious to drive talent from our shores.

☐ Indeed, it's becoming a confusing world for the ageing 'progressive' (what used to be called a 'prog' in the NEW STATESMAN personal column) to know where to pin his political allegiance. Since 1945 I have voted for the Labour Party in the vague hope that it stood for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the straight 'prog' ticket. Now in these days of rapid political somersaults, when Mr Callaghan seems to be solely supported by stockbrokers and Mrs Thatcher by militant trades unionists who are all for free collective bargaining and a laissez-faire economy, the 'prog' ideals (looked on by Messrs Callaghan and Rees with all the sunny tolerance of Mrs Whitehouse reading *Libertine*) have been taken over by the Young Conservatives. For years I have regarded the phrase 'young Conservative' as carrying an in-built contradiction; but for a moment this week it seemed that I must take to Sloane Rangers, open Triumphs and throwing bread at Maidenhead dinner dances – because the Federation of Conservative Students have come out with a perfectly reasonable and modest plan to abolish paternalistic laws, and do away with our idiotic censorship legislation. The prospect was alarming me until I read a piece in *The Times* by Mr Ronald Butt, who pointed out that the Conservative hierarchy would never allow this as it would be like 'building skyscrapers on Exmoor'. I still have some doubts (after all if anyone is going to build a skyscraper on Exmoor, and, who knows, it might improve the place, it will no doubt be a Conservative) but Mr Butt has reassured me, and I have cancelled the tickets for the dinner dance. It is, however, tragic, that the Labour Party has not shown a flicker of concern for issues of personal freedom since the departure of Roy Jenkins. I do urge Mr Callaghan to read the Conservative Students' manifesto and do his utmost to secure this old 'prog' vote. It may, on present showing, be the only one he has left.

☐ I'm glad someone has at last protested at the archaic nonsense of persons on trial being kept penned in a guarded box in the centre of the court, and no less an authority than Jeremy Hutchinson has added his weight to the discussion. Many English lawyers would not welcome a client sitting beside them; but if Americans can do without a dock, so should we. Few people realise that a trial still often begins with the order to 'put up' the accused, and in this there has been little change since the days when some wretch in rags was sent scurrying up the steps and stood blinking behind bars in the centre of the court while the Judge sniffed at his nosegay. I remember one insane prisoner being 'put up' on the opening day of the session and greeted with the spectacle, not only of a Scarlet Judge, but certain City dignitaries in lace and black feathered hats, including the one who seems to wear a giant muff and carry a sword. Gazing at this splendour the accused came to the natural conclusion he had 'passed over' and was rapidly removed to Broadmoor.

☐ After declaring every interest (having sat on the Board for many long years, through thick and thin) I must say that with Peter Hall's production *Volpone* it seems to me that the South Bank is now really giving us what a National Theatre should provide, a superb classic for a generation which may have no other chance of seeing it, and doing so with the country's greatest available actors. I don't believe that it has been sufficiently appreciated that the National (which plays to around 95 per cent capacity) has to spend about a third of its subsidy on the heating, lighting, cleaning and maintenance of its building. It would seem to be the simplest matter in the world to transfer the upkeep of the building to the Department of the Environment (which does the same service for many public buildings) and allow the National's Arts Council subsidy to be spent on what sometimes seems to have to come last in the Treasury's calculations, the actual putting on of plays.

☐ One of the good things left in England is BBC radio, greatly superior to BBC telly and impervious, I had hoped, to the pointless investigations of the Annan report. However, the radio is apparently intent on cutting its own throat. The *Today* programme, which used to be a civilised and informative magazine to start the day, has now been lacerated by some irrational planner, reduced to half its length and mostly replaced by sport, scraps of music and allegedly humorous monologues. Fortunately insomniacs, night nurses and neurotic early morning writers still have the BBC World Service for the best news and foreign correspondents' report, which starts at 5 a.m. At about a quarter to six you get, for light relief, information about the latest British inventions, technological miracles which are about to galvanise our export figures. This week we had a fascinating account of a mechanically buzzing wasp-trap, which electronically lures the unhappy insects to drown in a mug of beer. With this *and* North Sea oil who is still gloomy about our future?

☐ This week I discovered an excellent argument for the teaching of Latin in comprehensives – jury service. A Judge was summing up, addressing 12 fairly average young people with phrases like *mens rea* and *persona non grata*, but adding: 'Although it is probably not necessary, I will translate for you, members of the jury.' Someone told me of a less fortunate jury in Birmingham. A thief was caught with certain jewellery concealed about his person. 'The accused was found,' a rather over-educated prosecutor told a jury of bewildered Midlands car-workers, 'with two diamond rings *sub pene* and *inter testibus*'. Perhaps they thought they were a couple of villages on the way to Leamington.

John Mortimer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Sir Douglas denied that the relatively high level of public school and Oxbridge-educated people selected for high Civil Service grades was the result of any deliberate bias. There was a danger that the Civil Service might appear to be 'perpetuating itself in its own image', but one explanation could be that talents were inherited and talented parents were wealthy enough to send their children to public schools. – *Guardian* (D. Cordingley)

☐ An 18-year-old Leamington girl, who was runner-up in a chewing gum company contest, has now been told she will get the £1,000 first prize because the winner was an illegal immigrant who has left the country. – *Leamington Spa Courier* (G. I. Rose)

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University Forum

Alan Elsner*

Race, Tolerance and the NUS

It was three years ago, in April 1974, that the National Union of Students voted, by 204,619 to 182,760 to 'recognise the need to refuse any assistance (financial or otherwise) to openly racist and fascist organisations' and that it 'believed it necessary to prevent any member of these organisations from speaking in colleges by whatever means are necessary (including disruption of the meeting).'

This was the beginning of what has become known as the 'no platform' debate which still excites much heat and passion at NUS conferences, though opposers of the 'no platform' position have so far not succeeded in reversing the policy. At the time, the decision met with considerable criticism – so much so that the then NUS president, John Randall, tried to clarify the position. 'We are not going,' said Randall, 'to send round a heavy squad to break up meetings.' However, even assuming the 'no platform' policy does constitute a necessary and effective tactic in combating racial hatred, problems still remain. Who is to decide who is a racist and who is not? The ejection of Sir Keith Joseph from last December's NUS conference heightened the fear that the 'no platform' policy could be used as a means of silencing people whose views might be controversial or unpopular. Their opponents have only to declare them racist or fascist and it then becomes legitimate to ban them. In the light of this, it was perhaps inevitable that, sooner of later, the policy would be turned against Zionists. Over the past few months, several university and polytechnic student unions have debated the Middle East. There appears to be a coordinated propaganda campaign with the aim of having Zionism declared as a form of racism by the NUS conference, so that the 'no platform' policy can be extended to supporters of Israel. Anti-Zionist motions have been passed at Salford, Lancaster, York and Essex universities – though they were rejected at several others.

To give the flavour of the kind of resolutions being put forward, here are a few sample clauses from the 43-point indictment of Salford University Students Union:

> This Union believes that Zionism is a discriminatory, racist and unjust ideology which from the start to the present day discriminates between Jew and non-Jew.
> That Israel is committed to defending the interests of Imperialism.
> That Zionism, like apartheid, is and always will be a racist ideology.
> That the essence of racism is the mythical belief in race superiority. The South African racists, the Zionists and fascists share this belief in common. Each professes to be the Chosen People.

Not surprisingly, the debates are invariably bitter and acrimonious affairs. There is little or no constructive argument and the result depends primarily on how many supporters either side has managed to drag along to the meeting. Understandably, neutrals tend to stay out of what they see as a private feud of no concern to them. What they fail to realise is that the issue under discussion is concerned not only with the Middle East. It also involves the basic democratic structure and practices of the student union.

What happens when the motion has been passed? Not all student unions are willing to face up to the undemocratic implications of the motion. At York University, for example, the local Jewish Society was summoned to a meeting of the union council and asked whether it was Zionist. The society replied that it was. However, the council baulked at the prospect of banning Jewish Society meetings. Eventually, a way out of the impasse was found. The council voted that the Jewish Society was not Zionist, even though the society itself continued to maintain that it was.

Other student unions, however, have had fewer scruples. At Salford University, Zionist meetings have been banned and the Jewish Society has been forbidden to set up a bookstall or to distribute pro-Israel leaflets. A rabbi has been banned from speaking there on the relationship between Judaism and Zionism. That such behaviour is a distortion of the intentions behind the original 'no platform' idea is well understood within the NUS. Few would recognise, in the innocuous members of Salford Jewish Society, the 'apostles of racial hatred' referred to by Randall back in 1974. In fact, Charles Clarke, the retiring president of the NUS, went out of his way to condemn 'unions which have sought to remove union rights from those of their members whose views the majority do not like. This may be because the selected minority are adjudged as racists or as Zionists or for any other convenient grounds. This kind of thought control is no part of a democratic students' union . . .'

However, just one day after this speech was made, the anti-Zionists showed their contempt for Clarke's defence of the democratic rights of Zionists by attempting to have leaflets, that were being distributed to the conference by the Union of Jewish Students, banned as racist. Their attempt failed, but the incident provided a stark warning of what will happen if a motion declaring Zionism to be racism is ever passed by an NUS conference.

Racism perhaps is difficult to define, but these days in Britain it is easy to recognise. With the National Front threatening to put forward 318 candidates at the next general election, with their recent results in the local elections, with their appearance even in higher education and with the explicit threat that all this implies to immigrant communities, now is hardly the time to quibble about whether Jewish societies should function or not. The threat of racism needs to be met by a united front of anti-racists determined to fight together against the Front.

Anti-Zionist propaganda is a crude attempt to present the Middle East as a kind of black and white world, where good confronts evil and the forces of light do battle against the forces of darkness. As such, it is a profound insult to the intelligence of students, and at variance with the basic concept and purpose of a university.

The universities of this country might have been one of the few places in the world where Arabs and Jews could come together and try to discuss their problems in an atmosphere of tolerance. Instead, they seem condemned to hurl slogans and insults at each other, to score meaningless propaganda points off each other, to fight their own private Middle East war on British campuses. And it is the absolute futility of the whole exercise that is perhaps the saddest aspect of the whole affair.

**Alan Elsner is fieldworker to the Union of Jewish Students.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Within My Power

For once I find myself, normally one of nature's slowcoaches, ahead of somebody else in the race of life and in this case ahead of no less a surprising person than President Carter himself. Serious readers of this column cannot fail to recall that several weeks ago I drew attention to what will undoubtedly be posterity's reproachful attitude to our drunken squandering of those precious and irreplaceable liquids, petrol and oil (perhaps they are basically the same thing. I've never quite understood). And then, up recently spoke the President, just echoing my very own words. I also, on *Any Questions?* begged our Prime Minister, then as now Mr Callaghan, to be a man, appear on the box and urge us all to save fuel and to drive about less. For the average person, two car journeys in five are totally unnecessary. Did he take any notice? No he did not. Placid and rosily self-confident as ever, all he did was to announce that we in this country are on the verge of 'a golden decade', upon which intimation of impending disaster and catastrophe, countless people had heart attacks and I looked out and dusted down my passport and pestered travel agents for cheap one-way trips to Tristan da Cunha. I'm far from sure where it is but it sounds splendidly distant, and that first name gives it a delightfully musical and nicely romantic ring.

But alas, although it is certainly in my nature to desert any sinking ship on which I happen to find myself and scramble to dry land as quickly as possible, I'm now too old to go scuttling off from England and so I'm nobly going to make shift as best I can to lead the way in our little community and pioneer, as the President suggests (such an example to our chap), attempts at additional sources of power. I am not so bold and vain as to imagine that I can do this on my own but a book, American in origin, has come my way, edited by Carol Hupping Stoner, and it is called *Producing Your Own Power* (Rodale Press: £4.95) and it is a perfect mine of information. Clever Ms Carol Hupping Stoner has gathered together experts on various power-providers that, when the petrol gives out (sooner than one imagines, it seems, and I gather that the final completion of our M roads is timed to coincide exactly with our empty tanks), are going to make just all the difference and are, what is more, in inexhaustible supply. I refer, of course, to wind, sun, water, gravity, wood and cow-pats.

All of these are fully obtainable in Devon and so let us start with the easiest, which is the last named, and by it we are naturally to understand dung in all its forms. Carol Hupping Stoner's nominees here are the happy couple, Sharon and James Whitehurst, and they set the ball rolling with an arresting section called 'Our Four-Cow Bio-Gas Plant', for we are, as you see, concerned with the production of another variety of natural gas, methane. Methane is, of course, our dear old friend marsh-gas, and to construct it you will need a Methane Gas Digester, and into the Digester you put anything that's going in the way of what I've already mentioned. I'm sorry to say that the actual inside of a Digester isn't (see Fig. 57) all that attractive. Reading the layers from the top down, they go bio-gas, scum, digested sludge, spent slurry and, if you're doing it in a pond out of doors, all these items rest on a bed of what is unfortunately called pea gravel. Through this mixture, large gas bubbles rise slowly and sullenly to the surface and go, presumably, pop! From time to time you should seize a prong and 'agitate' what I said before. For further reading, dip into back numbers of the *Sewage Works Journal*, the fountainhead of all that is best in this particularly useful sphere.

The Whitehursts don't miss a trick. 'The size of your livestock has a lot to do with the amount of manure produced.' Nor is this all. They fire the imagination by stating that a man called Harold Bates managed to build a car that was powered solely by chicken manure. Indeed, this substance appears to be, in its field, the most prized of all and our authors, though they do tend to run on a little about its virtues, are liberal in their praise of it and of chickens in general. So it is with this that we had better start, but how? Myrtlebank, which once pullulated with ducks and wyandottes, now boasts no livestock. My Cousin Madge's geese are long since disappeared. The prudent local wartime custom of keeping a few hens died out some time ago. However, I rather fancy that somewhere in the hinterland of the Bultitudes' extensive premises, there are some chickens, probably a rather fancy breed. These helpful feathered bipeds are never mentioned, for we naturally have loftier subjects to discuss, but I recollect that when the wind has been in the right direction, I have heard contented cluckings. I will wait until they (the Bultitudes) are once more in Cannes ('How can you *bear* not to go at least twice a year?') and then nip round and have a look. And what's more, I'll take a bucket with me.

For the wind section and electric generators, Carol Hupping Stoner puts us into the capable hands of Henry Clews, who refers to all houses as homesteads, who prepares 'handy-dandy' little wind tables, who has his thoughtful moments ('About the only thing you can say for certain concerning wind is that it is always changing') and who wants each of us to erect in our gardens a 40-foot high steel tower with on the top of it one of Quirk's 'Brushless Windplants' (change gearbox oil once every five years) and make our very own electricity. Don't be too ambitious. A 12-foot diameter propeller is quite okay for starters and it should revolve at a mere 150 revolutions per minute. The bigger the slower, of course, and the huge 175-foot propeller on an eminence called, apparently, Grandpa's Knob in Vermont, revolves at only 28 rpm. Get going immediately.

But I see that I've left all too little space to tell you what I plan additionally and energywise in the way of undershot water wheels, simple pile drivers, hydraulic rams complete with clack valves and snifter holes, not to speak of sections of wire gauze to prevent frogs getting sucked in with the water and forming part of the mechanism. And in connection with power from water, 'If you have not had welding experience', says our adviser, 'you may have to buy your own turbine.' Quite so. I've long since settled for that. And among Carol Hupping Stoner's further treats are a Mr Kern (not, unfortunately, Jerome), who is in charge of wood and who tells us all there is to know about Count Rumford and his comprehensive essay, 'Count Rumford on Chimney Fireplaces', which startled the world in 1800 and is as viable today as ever it was.

If you're planning to look me up in Appleton, you can find your way to it by watching out for a forest of steel towers, the sounds of whirring turbines, the mad cackling of poultry, the clonks of the pile drivers and the clacks of the clack valves, and the fragrances from the Digesters. And if you decide to press on to Moretonhampstead, I shall quite understand.

Roger Woddis

The Charmer in the Church

(After 'The Hunchback in the Park', by Dylan Thomas)

The charmer in the church,
A practised sailor
Packaged like toothpaste or herbal rinse,
Prayed for my soul in Poets' Corner,
Pressing the archdeacon for a
memorial plaque
To the randy Rimbaud of Cwmdonkin Drive.

Like the dawn birds he came early,
Like a humble man he knelt down,
And afterwards the press called Hey Jimmy
Look this way, and he turned waving
As he had done in Newcastle
And milk-wooded Washington, Tyne
and Wear.

And the little old world leader,
Alone between edgy secret servicemen,
Knew he was everyone's favourite son,
While love leapt from his eyes
To warm the cockle-hearted crowds,
And their hands were black with cameras.

After so long in my unmade bed,
After the wet-lipped biographies,
The girls the booze the loans the jokes,
After the howay-honeyed lad
And the handshakes innocent as cobras,
Let me *rhech* in peace.

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Letters to the Editor

British Socialism's Hair Shirt

Sir, Buying a copy of the NS the other day for the first time in several years, I read Mervyn Jones's 'The Case Against Phase III' (NS 29 April). All Jones's arguments in favour of going for a high-wage economy are correct, it seems to me; but his article also gives an inadvertent demonstration of what it is about the British Labour movement which makes a low-wage economy possible in Britain and closes the door to the Swedish or West German or American models which have suddenly won Jones's admiration.

I am talking about that complex of feelings which Labour Party people like to refer to self-flatteringly as their 'egalitarianism', and to parade as the moral heart of their socialism. This 'egalitarianism' is really a mixture of puritan social asceticism – a belief in the moral superiority of plain living, coupled with moral aims against anything which the believer holds to constitute luxury – and the uniquely and depressingly English version of class-consciousness which, as it developed in the 19th century, came to be less a *proletarian* consciousness (that might imply a genuine solidarity of the oppressed and a real desire for material betterment) than the feelings of the chapel-going small shopkeeper towards his wealthy church-going customers. The whole structure of feeling has its roots in Methodism and the Evangelical movement, however secularised it has now become.

The brute fact is, now, that a high-wage, dynamic, growth-oriented economy is just not sympathetic to a mind steeped in that sort of 'egalitarianism', or to the kind of 'socialism' – essentially negative, conservative and censorious – which such minds naturally distil. A high-wage economy on the American or Swedish model implies high differentials, quite large accumulations of wealth and a professional and technical class paid highly enough to maintain its confidence and its élan. It requires that men value themselves and others in terms of their competence and their capacities as workers and not in terms of their conformity to class stereotypes; and it requires the pursuit of money and material luxury to be admitted as perfectly normal and virtuous motives. You cannot operate such a system and still cling to the idea that double whiskies and taxi-hailing are marks of the Beast and that the intrinsically good life would be a very plain and spartan one in which an unskilled manual worker's wages were the norm for all. The option Mervyn Jones seems at bottom to be demanding, which is that *very high* unskilled workers' wages should be the norm for all, just seems to me to be a chimera. But it is this chimerical ideal which led the TUC to accept the social contract in the first place, and which in many other ways helps to produce the present economic, social and political stalemate in Britain.

BERNARD HARRISON

8 Cordons
Kingston
Lewes, Sussex

Keeping the Standard Raised

Sir, As acting leaders of the National Union of Journalists Chapel at the London *Evening Standard*, we take great exception to Emma Soames's article (NS 6 May). The factual errors are bad enough. The date of the famous Beaverbrook boardroom 'occupation', for instance, is a whole week wrong. More serious is her offensive assertion that 'if the paper was to be saved it would not be by the *Evening Standard* NUJ Chapel'. Certainly one or two of our meetings have been heated and a little ragged. How could it be otherwise when more than 100 anxious people get together with nothing more than rumours of impending unemployment to discuss? But the action of our chapel, working in close cooperation with the other unions at the paper, speaks for itself. It was union action (a stoppage and a boardroom sit-in) that first forced Beaverbrook management to admit that merger talks were well advanced; union action which brought the full glare of publicity on to what would otherwise have been a secret deal; union action which launched the massive and so-far-successful 'Save the *Standard*' campaign.

We have it on very high authority that the solidarity of the *Standard* unions and the public support their action engendered took the merger negotiators by surprise, and we have every reason to believe that it strengthened the position of the parties who intervened to grant us the breathing space we presently enjoy. What on earth has the so-called decision-making over lunch at El Vino ('Let's ring up a few millionaires!') which Ms Soames considers so significant achieved? It is fitting that her article should be dotted with references to lunches, pubs, and El Vino. It is nice to know that Lunchtime O'Booze is alive and well and living in Shoe Lane. But it is galling for all the people who have worked, and are still working, behind the scenes to save the *Evening Standard*, people who for ten days did not enjoy the luxury of lunches, to see their efforts belittled and misrepresented in such a superficial, flippant and inaccurate view of a complex and serious situation.

CHARLES CATCHPOLE
GARETH DAVIES
Deputy FoCs

NUJ Chapel
Evening Standard

Privacy and the Press

Sir, It is not so much that I disagree with the tendentious and inexplicably vicious remarks of Lord Shawcross (Letters 6 May); it is rather that I find them unexpectedly confused. Singing the praises of the Press Council he contradicts its very proclamation on privacy (which he accuses me of misunderstanding)! To my assertion that the nefarious shenanigans of pop star and politician do not warrant, in the name of free speech, blanket protection, Lord Shawcross coolly concurs with the Court of Appeal in viewing such disclosures as legitimate stuff for the columns of the *Daily Mirror* or any other newspaper. Why? Because the public has a proper interest therein; yet in its 'Declaration on Privacy' the council says there must be 'a legitimate public interest and not only a prurient or morbid curiosity'.

Continuing his assault Lord Shawcross dismisses my views (as if this would reduce their force) as 'terribly old hat'. They are not. I would be very grateful to learn of any published work that argues the juridical inaptitude of the action for breach of confidence in attempting to protect individual privacy. Apart from this article I know of only one other: I am its author. Nor do I accept the proposition that the statutory protection of privacy would 'steadily erode more fundamental rights of freedom' (*sic*). This proceeds from the premise that freedom of speech is to be completely untramelled, a view which Lord Shawcross cannot seriously hold since he presumably accepts, for example, that an individual's reputation, his right to a fair trial, and the encouragement of racial harmony are interests justifying limitations on free speech secured respectively by the law of libel, contempt, and the Race Relations Act. It is my contention that the individual's desire to shelter his private life from public scrutiny should be counted among these interests to be balanced against the interest in free speech and the circulation of news.

This is merely a view. It does not follow that were we to have a privacy statute tomorrow a court would automatically find for the victim. (Indeed the American experience since *Time, Inc. v. Hill* suggests the reverse.) And it is here that I find the views of Lord Shawcross, Miss McKerron and Mr Nicholls, editor of the Darlington *Evening Despatch*, singularly disingenuous; each, of course has a vested interest in the matter, I do not. Lord Shawcross naturally defends the Press Council while Miss McKerron defends the disclosures of her affairs (for which, she should note, I criticised not her – who maintained anonymity – but the *News of the World*, which did not), and Mr Nicholls defends his newspaper by arguing that constituents have a right to know how their MP treats his wife. They may all be right. That is not, however, the point. My purpose was to show that the law is inadequate, the Press Council powerless, and a statute most suited to strike a balance between two human rights which are enshrined in the UN Declaration, the European Convention, and the laws of our European neighbours.

'Arguments of this kind', Lord Shawcross complains, 'clutter up the Statute Book.' But it is to the law that those who have been wronged look for recompense. Where our law is found wanting (as it was, for instance, when thalidomide ruined so many young lives) a statute may be the only method. A compassionate society recognises such needs. Callous incursions into private lives cannot be committed with impunity. Lord Shawcross says I am irresponsible, misguided and worse. I would prefer to think otherwise, but I am more concerned that the law of England should redress the indignity suffered by those who become commodities in the hands of competing editors. 'The law', it has been said, is 'made for man, that through [it] he may achieve a fuller life, a higher purpose and a greater dignity.' The speaker was a young English barrister, Sir Hartley Shawcross.

RAYMOND WACKS

45 Southmoor Road
Oxford

John Bull's Other Islands

Sir, As journalists whose job it has been for many years to report on Channel Islands affairs for the UK and international press, may we comment on Martin Short's article ('John Bull's Other Islands', NS 6 May)? Our overall feeling is that the piece completely lacks objectivity. It gives the impression of being written either by someone who does not know the Channel Islands and has cobbled together various 'scandalous' cases in order to make his story line stand up; or else by someone who does know the islands but who, for political or personal reasons, has chosen to present only their bad side. Either way the picture drawn would be quite unrecognisable to most people living here.

To take specific points. How can the Channel Islands be said to have 'drifted away from the UK in recent years' in taxation matters when Jersey has kept its rate of income tax unchanged at 20 per cent since 1940 and Guernsey at the same rate since 1960? Surely it is the UK with its tax increases, and its new levies such as the capital transfer tax, that has done the 'drifting', if anyone? To assert, as Martin Short does, that Guernsey is governed by an

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élite composed of the Bailiff, Jurats and Conseillers 'to the exclusion of the deputies elected by the citizens' seems to show a complete ignorance of the island's parliamentary system. The Bailiff only has a casting vote in the event of an equal vote for and against, Jurats do not sit in the island parliament, and there are only 12 Conseillers against 32 people's deputies and ten parish representatives. On many occasions in the last few years the vote in Guernsey's parliament has gone against what was clearly the wish of the administration.

Then there is the low-tax issue. 'The British taxpayer is openly mocked by the continuing loss to the British Treasury of huge amounts of revenue,' says Mr Short. No one in the Channel Islands would question the right of the British Government to try to stop its citizens evading tax, but that is a very different matter from interfering with the islands' centuries-old fiscal independence. The Channel Islands' low-tax economy has evolved naturally to meet local conditions (by no stretch of the imagination can it be regarded as a recent 'tax haven' gimmick), and the prosperity of a great many small businesses in the islands depends on the local exchequer not taking more than 20 per cent of profits. It is also a simple tax structure, which again suits small communities. Being dragged into the UK fiscal system would have dire consequences not so much for the rich as for thousands of ordinary islanders.

On the human rights issue, Mr Short works hard to substantiate his claim – hopelessly exaggerated in our view – that the Channel Islands' treatment of some individual citizens is 'a major humanitarian scandal'. Certainly there have been, and still are, injustices (we ourselves feel that Paul Wiggins has been the victim of much too rigid an interpretation of Guernsey's housing law), but so are there in most parts of the world. No doubt, armed with a good clippings file, we could produce an equally one-sided indictment of the UK bureaucratic and legal system.

While it is true there is a movement in Guernsey to abolish non-elected Conseillers, this is an internal political evolution, and we remain completely unpersuaded that it reflects any wish by the majority of islanders to be 'brought within the legal and political framework of the UK'. Any such move would have to be unilateral interference from outside the islands – a gross example, one would have thought, of the imperialism that the NEW STATESMAN has traditionally castigated.

BOB BAKER
EDWARD OWEN

Cornet Street
St Peter Port
Guernsey

Humber Follies

Sir, Last week (NS 29 April) David Harsent described a recent writers' tour in North Humberside. Much of his article was unfairly selective. Some of it was untrue. For instance, he enjoyed a meal in a 'large plush' restaurant situated in 'a tiny hamlet consisting of four houses and a derelict playground'. The population of Hornsea, the East coast town in question, must be numbered in thousands. Regard for the facts has been sacrificed for the sake of a slick phrase and a gratuitous sneer. Visiting a village hall at Hollym – 'where the WI awaits' – gave further opportunity for supercilious distortion. Presumably 'WI' is push-button humour of the 'mother-in-law' variety: facile, tasteless, unwarranted. The meeting was not set up by the WI. The audience consisted of both men and women, as well as a few sixth-formers from the local school. WI members in the village had been requested by the arts association to provide refreshments and did so with typical willingness. How else can a small community make guests welcome?

This was the only meeting of Mr Harsent's that I was able to attend. His memory of it differs from mine. For reasons of his own he reversed the order of the speakers. A trivial detail, of course – except that it enabled him to imply that he spoke the last of four instead of first and that the audience was punchdrunk by the time he took the floor. We are to gather that he had barely time, 'to zip through a few poems', before, 'the women of Hollym swoop down upon us bearing tea and sausage rolls'. He feels that his words disintegrated in the space between himself and the front row. If so, it was certainly not because of audience fatigue.

Writers' tours are promoted by the Arts Council through their regional associations. It is a serious question whether the expense is justified. Whether a particular session succeeds cannot be judged by the writers alone: the views of the audience are surely relevant. It is inevitable that circumstances may often be unfavourable, audiences sparse and unresponsive, and the writers themselves ill at ease – excessively aware, perhaps, that what they have to offer may appear to many either pointless or incomprehensible. Yet more people than Mr Harsent imagines do welcome such occasions and find them illuminating. And the writer himself may have much to learn as well.

It is clear that Mr Harsent ('leaving behind the cut and bludgeon of commercial publishing . . . (to) be solely a poet') had virtually written his article before he set out: all he needed was local detail, prejudicially elaborated. Any author who is prepared to be paraded like a circus animal in front of us goggle-eyed and gawping illiterates should overcome his problems of adjustment with a better grace. At the start Mr Harsent suspected that, 'audiences are well-meaning, respectful, and basically don't give a shit'. I should hate to think that, as a breed, authors are different: malicious, disrespectful and do 'give a shit'. Mr Harsent has certainly given us more than enough.

L. HELLIWELL

Lamb Lane
Roos
Hull

The Salesman

Sir, I do wish to dissociate myself completely from the opinions about the behaviour of the Saudi squad, which were attributed to me in last week's NEW STATESMAN. I have never been the slightest bit uncomplimentary about the Saudi national football team's visit to this country. The medical records of the Saudi party, which we still have in our possession, show that not one member of the party had venereal disease; one did have a damaged retina which was able to be treated satisfactorily and the player who had a hair transplant was visiting with another Saudi team and was not a member of the national squad.

I would like to point out also that not one member of that 55-strong party was involved in any kind of unsavoury incident either on or off the field, during the six weeks they were in this country. When you consider the wide difference in culture that had to be bridged and the way in which some newspapers seem so anxious to reproduce anti-Arab propaganda at the drop of a hat, that in itself was a commendable achievement. I am the last person in the world not to recognise that fact.

JIMMY HILL

35 Ossington Street
London W2

We willingly accept Mr Hill's assurance and regret having attributed to him opinions that were clearly not his. – Ed. NS

Edgar Wallace's Birth-Place

Sir, In his review (NS 6 May) of *The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles* Paul Theroux writes that 'the editors don't seem to know that . . . Edgar Wallace (born in Brockley) even existed'. Mr Theroux doesn't seem to know that Edgar Wallace was born in Greenwich. He did come to live in Brockley – but not until 33 years later.

EDWARD MIRZOEFF

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Island Story

Sir, I have read with interest the article entitled 'Island Story' about Diego Garcia by Mr Chris Mullin (NS 22 April), in which he includes Iran among the world's 'poorest and most unstable countries' lying around the shores of the Indian Ocean. It is not clear into which of those categories he places Iran. Perhaps it is both. In either case, he would be mistaken. Certainly, Mr Mullin's reference to the Arabian Gulf, wherever that may be, not to speak of his relocation of Rhodesia on the shores of the Indian Ocean, indicate that carelessness or ignorance rather than studied provocation lie behind his selection of countries to illustrate his theme. Iran is fortunate in her natural resources, and remarkably successful in exploiting them to bring prosperity and security, not only to her own people, but to the people of the region as well. She is not 'unstable' – whatever such a relative term may mean. I am persuaded that, were Mr Mullin in possession of more than a few of the facts about Indian Ocean affairs, and could he construe them more objectively, his conclusions might be different.

MORTEZA KAKHI
Press Counsellor

Imperial Iranian Embassy
16 Prince's Gate
London SW7

The Case for Participation

Sir, Crucifer complains of the shortcomings of his local Labour Party (London Diary, 6 May). It was open to Crucifer to try to avoid what he describes. The Labour Party is short of voluntary workers. Had Crucifer been one of them he might have helped to put things right. It is still open to him to do so in preparation for the next election.

C. T. SMITH

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London SE3

Stranger than Fiction

Sir, I do not buy the NEW STATESMAN to read about who's bedding whom in the torpid world of science fiction literature. Of what possible interest do you think it can be to your readers? And, what's more, who's ever heard of these people anyway?

DAVID J. K. HALLIDAY

20 Harefield Road
London SE4

Sir, I have been avidly following your long-running serial on the private life of science fiction writers for some weeks now. Unfortunately, having missed the first episode, I occasionally find myself somewhat 'at sea' with the seemingly complicated relationships of the characters. Might I therefore suggest that a short précis of previous events appended to each episode, in the manner of such magazines as *True Romance* and *Lonely Hearts*, would be greatly appreciated by your readers?

K. FINN

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

James Fenton

Secondary Worlds

J. R. R. Tolkien: A Biography by HUMPHREY CARPENTER *Allen & Unwin* £4.95

Nothing dates so rapidly as a fake. Fake furniture becomes tatty, and gives itself away. Fake paintings do not age like their originals. The forgeries of Van Meegeren, for instance, with their revolting hollow faces and enormous eyelids, could hardly nowadays be confused with the works of Vermeer. Their sentimentality is of their time. The fake poems of Ossian swept across Europe – but who can read them now? The only passage which has remained in circulation is the chunk of bosh quoted in *The Sorrows of Young Werther* – very much of its time, but for us a major blemish in the narrative. Mr Grevel Lindop has recently tried to revive Chatterton, but the marvellous boy remains as dead as a doornail. And future ages will look at our cult of Tolkien, and they will scratch their heads. We shall become a subject for a thesis – the flight from reality, the failure of nerve, the retreat from the present day. The first sign of madness, so the saying goes, is to have hairs on the palm of your hand; the second sign is to look for them. But what is one to say of a generation who spent their time looking for hairs on the soles of their feet?

The works of Ronald Tolkien are part of the long battle which Oxford has waged against art. You might call it, indeed, the Secondary World War, since it included an attempt to turn back from the broad realist tradition of European literature, to return to romance, to epic, and finally to religion. These merchants of 'secondary worlds' (they called themselves 'subcreators') were generally Christian and conservative. They worshipped (literally worshipped) authority. Charles Williams saw the symbol of divine order in his boss Humphrey Milford, in the morning prayers at Amen House, in the arms of the policeman on traffic duty, everywhere. As Tolkien put it: 'Touching your cap to the Squire may be damn bad for the Squire but it's damn good for you.' With refreshing frankness, he declared himself an opponent of democracy. Democracy was no use:

> I am not a 'democrat', if only because 'humility' and equality are spiritual principles corrupted by the attempt to mechanise and formalise them, with the result that we get not universal smallness and humility, but universal greatness and pride, till some Orc gets hold of a ring of power – and then we get and are getting slavery.

Before the war Tolkien was, his biographer tells us, more concerned about becoming an ally of Stalin than going to war against Hitler. And in 1941 he wrote, with passion:

> People in this land seem not even yet to realise that in the Germans we have enemies whose virtues (and they are virtues) of obedience and patriotism are greater than ours in the mass. I have in this War a burning private grudge against that ruddy little ignoramus Adolf Hitler for ruining, perverting, misapplying, and making for ever accursed, that noble northern spirit, a supreme contribution to Europe, which I have ever loved, and tried to present in its true light.

One can see his point. It is the sort of attitude that many soldiers from the first world war adopted in rebellion against the vulgar anti-Teuton feelings aroused at home. The soldier on the front (Tolkien fought, and lost two of his closest friends, in the Battle of the Somme) tended to respect his enemy more than his allies. But in Tolkien's case the admiration of supposed Germanic virtues went far deeper. The quest for 'Northern-ness' was the ruling passion of his life.

Humphrey Carpenter, who has written the authorised biography, is clearly very much in awe of his subject. But his admiration is not blind, and his portrait of Tolkien is quite convincing. At times he apologises to the reader for having to go into perhaps boring detail about Oxford life, philology, the English department, the stretches of Tolkien's career that seem barren of incident. But he should not have worried. The subject matter will fascinate the addicts and, I'm afraid, gives welcome material to the enemies. The picture Mr Carpenter paints, the psychology he educes from the evidence, the themes of his book are clear and unforced. Tolkien's birth in Bloemfontein, his family's early return to England and the loss of his father, his mother's conversion to Roman Catholicism and consequent estrangement from her family, the poverty of a childhood spent partly in Birmingham and partly in the countryside nearby, the precociousness of his linguistic gifts, the death of his mother (which Tolkien came to attribute to his family's neglect) and the difficulties of his courtship – the story is well enough told.

It leaves us with a picture of arrested development. Most people would have rebelled against what Tolkien suffered – for three years his guardian Fr Francis Morgan forbade him to see or communicate with his future wife. At midnight on the eve of his 21st birthday, when the ban ended, Tolkien wrote to her proposing marriage. Instead of becoming disenchanted with Romish authority, he persuaded his fiancée to convert. He remained a strict Catholic for the rest of his life. For him, it appears, Catholicism was bound up with the example and memory of his mother's life, to which he stayed faithful. It is an important influence on his work – but in a curiously exclusive way. Charles Williams's High Anglicanism is written all over his work. C. S. Lewis, whom Tolkien argued back into the Christian fold, became the chief propagandist of the Anglican revival. Tolkien has a good comment on Lewis's account of his conversion, *The Pilgrim's Regress*:

> Lewis would regress. He would not re-enter Christianity by a new door, but by the old one: at least in the sense that in taking it up again he would also take up again, or reawaken, the prejudices so sedulously planted in childhood and boyhood. He would become again a Northern Ireland protestant.

Yes indeed – whereas in Tolkien's case he remained unswervingly faithful to the prejudices so sedulously planted by his mother, the Birmingham Oratory and the ghost of Newman.

It is pathetic to see the young man, so precocious, so well-read, turn into the old man – ill-read in everything but his subject. A good friend of Tolkien's, G. B. Smith, once advised him to read more English literature. Tolkien ignored the advice. In consequence his poetry is William-Morris-and-water, his conception of beautiful prose is puerile, his notion of art entirely bogus. Lewis compared him with Ariosto. The comparison is foolish. Ariosto took over a living tradition, he even took over somebody else's plot where it had been left off. His world is the world of romance, but it is also Europe. *His* 'orcs' are the whales in the North Sea – the creatures one sees painted on maps of the period. Ariosto's culture is contemporary, even when his story is marvellous. One may forgive the *longueurs*, the necessary flattery of the court of Ferrara, in gratitude for the cheerfulness and breadth of the fantastic yarn. The popularity of Ariosto (he was once arrested by bandits, who immediately let him go and treated him with honour on discovering his identity) lasted in oral tradition and painting to this century. Lewis was wasting his comparison on Tolkien. Here is what Tolkien said about Ariosto: 'I don't know Ariosto, and I should loathe him if I did.'

There is, in literature, a certain morality of scale. When the whole notion of art is in crisis, the notion of scale is one of the first things to suffer. The forces which destroyed the possibility of writing another poem like Ariosto's, which eventually destroyed romance itself, included the demands of Rome. The artist was brought to book, reined in, supervised by religion. He tended to work either in miniature or on the grand scale – he lost the medium range. He lost his freedom, such as it had been. There were artists at the time who were unhappy to face a canvas without a theologian at their side to advise on choice of pigmentation. In the same way, Tolkien was working with Newman breathing down his neck. Humphrey Carpenter puts it, unintentionally, very well:

> Tolkien cast his mythology in this form because he wanted it to be remote and strange, and yet at the same time *not to be a lie*. He wanted the mythological and legendary stories to express his own moral view of the universe; and as a Christian he could not place this view in a cosmos

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> without the God that he worshipped. At the same time, to set his stories 'realistically' in the known world, where religious beliefs were explicitly Christian, would deprive them of imaginative colour. So while God is present in Tolkien's universe, He remains unseen.

But what sort of artist is it whose known world is doomed to be deprived of imaginative colour? What sort of a poet? To be free, Tolkien had to invent his own mythology, his own geography and his own languages. Only then could he avoid the destructive demands of religion. He lost any sense of scale.

There is nothing particularly objectionable about *The Hobbit*, a children's book, perhaps a classic, in the tradition of *The Wind in the Willows*. But *The Lord of the Rings* offends against the morality of scale. Bogusness should not be so big. Mr Carpenter asks himself at one point why it is that a man who wrote about the joys of log fires should have installed in his own house an electric grate with fake coal, and why the lover of great open spaces should have retired to Bournemouth. The answer is simple. Tolkien did not love log fires – he loved bogus log fires. He did not love landscapes nearly so much as his bogus landscapes, or language so much as his bogus languages. He had, and indulged, a sincere and passionate love of the fake. By acknowledging his authorship, by signing the fakes, he merely made them more difficult to detect.

Mervyn Jones

Bovver Boys

The National Front by MARTIN WALKER
Fontana £1

A few years ago, watching National Front members form up for a London march, I was struck by the extreme disparities among those taking part. These disparities were principally social but were accentuated by geography; to augment the fairly derisory numbers, all the NF marches include contingents brought in from various parts of Britain. London and the Midlands supplied young men (very few young women) in motorbike jackets and aggro boots. They were obviously working-class or from the lower reaches of the small-shopkeeper class; you guessed that they had left school at 16 with scanty expectations and were generally unemployed. A startling contrast was supplied by the middle-aged gentlemen of military bearing (and plainly officer-class), and the ladies with floral hats, whose natural habitat would have been a Conservative Association garden-party. Many of them came from Sussex, the home territory of the Racial Preservation Society which was among the NF's original constituent bodies. To complete the odd mélange, one noted contingents from Ulster with their worn blue suits and bowler hats.

The mixture illustrates a basic contradiction in the appeal, and therefore the strategy, of the NF. The movement has to be rebellious, disrespectful of 'the establishment', providing an outlet for the resentments of the socially excluded; it must, moreover, compete with the rebelliousness of the Left. NF militants, like Left militants, distrust and tangle with the police. They have to be the bovver boys of politics; when they're bullying elderly Bangladeshis in the back streets of London E1, they're not much different from bovver boys *tout court*. Simultaneously, in its prescriptions for the way in which Britain should be governed, the NF must be authoritarian and strong on social discipline. It must be down on the decline of law and order, sexual permissiveness, indiscipline in schools, disrespect of the young toward their parents. It must praise such agents of control as the police, the armed forces, stern magistrates and Borstals. Prison officers, rather notably, join the NF. So do immigration officers.

All this is effectively translated into political terms when one reads this book by Martin Walker, who has deservedly gained esteem in Fleet Street by his reporting of the NF's internal affairs in the *Guardian*. His history, beginning with the pre-war Mosley days and coming up to the troubled summer of 1976, is superbly researched, rich in inside information and sometimes entertaining anecdotes, but also thoughtful in its analysis. We meet the bovver boys principally in John Tyndall and Martin Webster, now the NF leaders. Socially they are distinctly non-U; they have no background in non-fascist politics; their early utterings, naturally cherished by the Left, consist of the rabid vapourings of gutter Nazism. But we also meet the retired colonels and generals, the fairly wealthy landowners and businessmen, the political figures who approached the NF from the right wing of the Tory Party. Tyndall had to struggle and indeed plead to get into the NF at all, and at one point was nearly thrown out because his Nazi record made him a liability. Some of Walker's most interesting pages detail the overlapping between Tories (councillors, parliamentary candidates, agents) and the NF, as well as the tangled story of the Monday Club, which was officially a 'tendency' within the Conservative Party but came close to being a stalking-horse for the NF.

The difference in outlook becomes clear when Walker cites A. K. Chesterton, the original chieftain of the movement (later ejected in one of the many nasty coups), and contrasts him with Tyndall. Chesterton writes:

> Ideally we should recruit only the dedicated elite . . . We have so to conduct the movement that it is considered an honour to belong to the NF.

Tyndall:

> The only permanent hope of getting Britain on her feet lies in the emergence of a political party that can gain a sufficient majority following among both main classes to achieve a long and secure supremacy on the political scene.

It is clear, therefore, that there was only one possible cement capable of binding together the ultra-Tories and the neo-Nazis. This was the issue of racism – and necessarily a racism directed against blacks and Asians, since the older anti-Semitism (on which Tyndall had originally been very keen) no longer rang much of a bell in the East End of London, and still less in Wolverhampton or Blackburn. If New Commonwealth immigration hadn't existed, the NF would have needed to invent it to get any kind of place on the political map. Obviously the ideal personality to incarnate the bridge was Enoch Powell, who appealed strongly to large sections of the Tory Party but was also a folk-hero with a segment of the working-class, and not averse to employing gutter anti-black talk and apocryphal anecdotes. Had Powell put himself at the head of the NF, we might have been in real trouble. But the NF was too new and too weak to give him a political base and secure him a seat in Parliament; and, to do Powell justice, he probably aimed at being a national saviour accepted by consent – a De Gaulle rather than a Hitler.

Today one reads a certain amount of

POLITICAL

Eddie Milne's **No Shining Armour** is now available in a new edition (£4.95 and £1.95). Its power of endictment is strengthened by the author's first-hand experience of political corruption. **Inflation** includes a comprehensive historical survey of inflation by Michael Jefferson, Andrew Dickson White's brilliant analysis of paper money inflation in France following the 1789 revolution, Thomas Mann's article points up the connections between fascism and inflation, drawing on his personal experience in pre-war Germany, and Walt Rostow and Michael Jefferson propose solutions to the major economic problem of our time. The book has an introduction by the Liberal Party Economic Spokesman John Pardoe (£5.95 and £2.25).

THEATRE

Steven Berkoff (whose adaptation of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* is currently having a very successful run at the Collegiate Theatre) is the greatest exponent of total theatre in Britain today. **East**, soon to be seen at the National's Cottesloe Theatre is now available in one volume, together with **Agamemnon** and **The Fall of the House of Usher**, illustrated with superb production photographs (£4.95 cased). Paul Foster, another innovator of the theatre—*Tom Paine* and *Elizabeth I* are well known—has two new plays published: **Marcus Brutus** (an American *Julius Caesar*) and **Silver Queen Saloon**, a brilliant caricature of a Western, that convinces on its own terms (£5.50 cased). **Early Morning** by Edward Bond (£4.50 and £1.95) once banned *in toto* by the Lord Chamberlain and Frank Wedekind's brilliant Expressionist play **Spring Awakening** (£3.95 and £1.75) are re-issued.

JOHN CALDER (Publishers) LTD. 18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

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Why has Europe adopted the 20AX

Because this new 110° colour tube system is the most important advance in set design since the arrival of colour TV itself. Tube bulkiness and circuit complexities have been 'designed-out'. The result? Slimmer, elegant, more reliable sets which warm up fast, maintaining a first-class colour picture over a much longer period.
20AX – it's known as 'Eurocolour' across the Channel – is a dramatically simpler way to get colour TV precisely right. It is a technological advance which represents more than twenty years research and development and marks a new era in television electronics design. No other 110° colour tube system in the world is so advanced.

What is the 20AX system?

It is the only fully self-converging slimline 110° tube system available for picture tubes in 18, 20, 22 and 26 inch sizes.

How do ordinary TV sets work?

Until now the inside of most colour TV screens has been coated with a million dots of red, green and blue phosphors, arranged in tiny triangles.

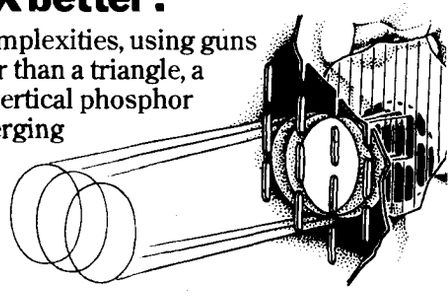
The dots become a colour picture when they are made to glow by firing beams of electrons at them from three electron guns housed in the neck of the picture tube.

The guns, one for each colour, are arranged, like the dots, in a triangle.

The beams are guided to their targets through thousands of tiny holes in what is known as a shadow mask. Getting the triangle of beams to land precisely on a triangle of dots is known as convergence and, for a perfect picture, this has to be done across the whole screen, twenty-five times a second. To achieve this, many extra electronic components are needed and up to eighteen complex convergence adjustments have to be made before a set leaves the factory.

So how is 20AX better?

20AX gets rid of the complexities, using guns arranged in a line rather than a triangle, a slotted shadow mask, vertical phosphor stripes and a self-converging deflection yoke. The result is perfect colour registration from the centre of the picture right out to the



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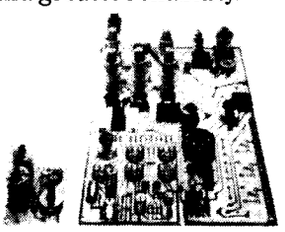
enthusiastically colour TV system?

corners. The 20AX system achieves this automatically, eliminating many components and adjustments required in conventional sets.

What does this mean for the viewer?

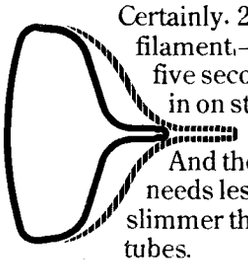
For a start, the fewer the components, the fewer there are to go wrong. But there's more to 20AX than that. Not only does it give an excellent picture with perfect colour registration right out to the corners, but this quality is maintained for a long, long time. In other words, better picture quality and greater reliability.



20AX system Conventional system

Compare the complexity of these typical correction circuits.

Any other advantages?



Certainly. 20AX has the bonus of a 'quick warm-up' filament – which means a picture within about five seconds, without leaving the set plugged in on stand-by, which is safer and saves electricity.

And the new Mullard 20AX 110° tube needs less space, so 20AX sets are slimmer than sets with conventional tubes.

What does this mean for Britain?

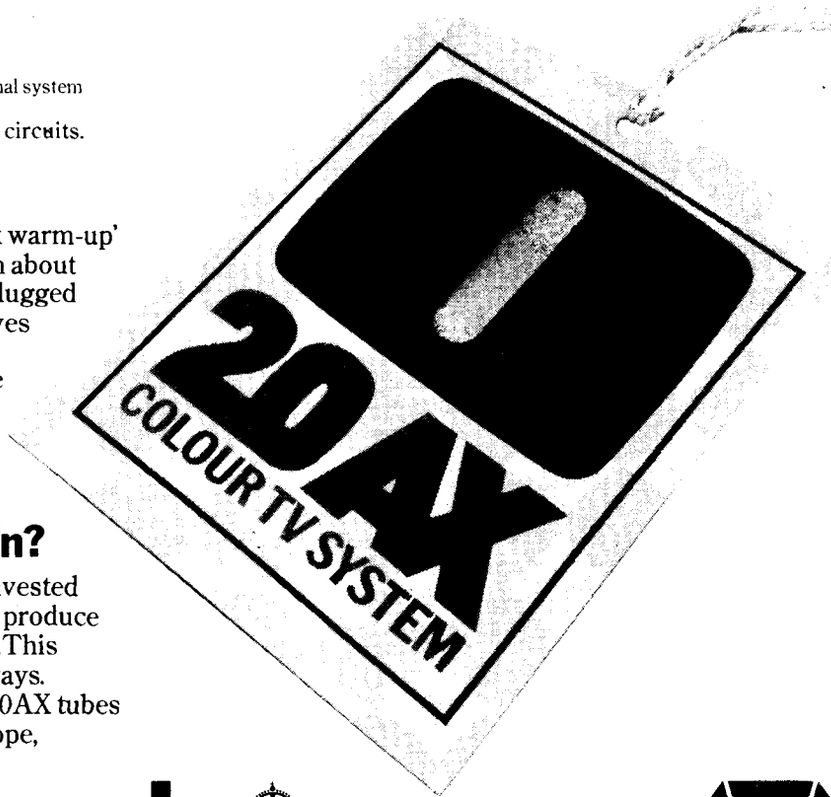
Mullard, now Britain's only TV tube maker, has invested £7 million in re-equipping three of its factories to produce the new tubes and components wanted for 20AX. This investment is already paying off in a number of ways.

In 1976, in addition to the £6 million worth of 20AX tubes and components which Mullard exported to Europe, British-made TV sets – using 20AX components from Mullard – were capturing a share of this discerning market. Europe demands sets which provide high reliability and embody the very latest technology. With 20AX British set manufacturers were well able to satisfy these requirements.

We are proud that 20AX is spearheading the British TV export drive for both the set manufacturers and Mullard. And, of course, on both counts British jobs are protected.

20AX looks like a great leap forward

It is indeed. So when you come to buy or hire your next colour TV, demonstrate your knowledge, ask the sales person about 20AX. You're bound to see the 20AX symbol in your TV showroom soon.



Mullard

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alarmist talk about the NF's 'growing strength'. But for a political party, and especially for an impatient and hectoring party of this type, the surge to power is what it's all about. Since the NF has chosen (perhaps unwisely) to contest elections and to base its claims to serious consideration on its voting strength, this has to go up – and swiftly up. Mussolini and Hitler have been the only fascist leaders to make it by a combination of 'street politics' and irruption into the political arena, as distinct from a military coup like Papadopoulos and others; Mussolini made it in three years from the foundation of his movement, Hitler in ten. The NF, not to speak of its varied precursors, has been striving for ten years already. Only one of its candidates (at West Bromwich in 1973) has ever saved his deposit; recent by-election polls, despite obvious favourable factors in the current economic crisis, have hovered round the 8 per cent mark, and in last week's county elections that was again the average. Nevertheless, I'd underline Walker's timely conclusion:

> We are looking at a Labour Party base that is in danger of erosion after generations of complacency, and the NF seems to be an active agent in that erosion . . . The responsibility for ending racism in general, and stopping the NF in particular, now seems to rest with the Labour movement.

Maurice Richardson

Cornish Cream

Growing Pains by DAPHNE DU MAURIER *Gollancz* £4.95

Some of us Daph-fans are apt to be too obsessed with *Rebecca*. We fantasise about origins and psychodynamics like way-out Sherlockians. Apart from the affinity with the first Mrs Rochester, and the association of her surname, De Winter, with Dumas's 'Milady', the wicked nymphomaniac eludes us.

Can we detect in her any trace of the stage stars of the Twenties who were always cluttering up Cannon Hall, the Du Maurier's Hampstead house, on Sundays? Hardly. Tallulah may have been a roaring nympho, but she didn't come from a Cornish county family. Maxim de Winter is easy, of course. That clipped throwaway style can only be taken from Gerald, for whom the husband-father role is a natural. But according to our depth-analysts, Mrs Danvers, the sinister housekeeper (whose brilliant impersonation by Flora Robson in the film is greeted every Christmas at fans' firesides with drunken shouts of 'Danny!'), is the key figure. She is the ugly witch-mother who metamorphoses backwards and forwards into her alias, the coruscating Rebecca, like the Queen in *Snow White*, who made a deep impression on Daph.

But fans had better calm down because this autobiography stops in 1931, before *Rebecca* was written. The only thing immediately relevant to its genesis is Daph's Cornish craze, and a bit about Dr Rashleigh's house, Menabilly, and its woods, near Fowey, which provided the imaginative base for Manderley.

1931 was a nodal point for 24-year-old Miss du Maurier. Her first novel, *The Loving Spirit*, had not only been published: it also found her the ideal husband, Boy Browning, a 35-year-old-major in the Grenadier Guards. To a friend he wrote:

> One of the best books I've read for ages . . . all about Fowey in Cornwall. I'm determined to go down there in my boat *Ygdrasil* . . . Perhaps I'll have the luck to meet the girl who has written it.

And he did. When Gerald got the news of the engagement he burst into tears and said, 'It isn't fair.' But he couldn't really disapprove of such a splendid son-in-law.

You don't need to be Freud to label Daph an Electra girl. That daring profile of her father, *Gerald, a Portrait* (1934), was an affectionate act of exorcism. (If she hadn't been able to get it off her chest she might have turned into a Clytemnestra girl.) The famous Georgian actor-manager's ego was wily as Proteus. You feel he never stopped acting, whether over or under – even in his sleep he vamped the Devil's grandmother. There is an extraordinary photograph of him (*c.* 1911) in this book sitting in a tiny kiddy-car, hunched up, looking as if, by some magical feat of miming, he had shrunk, not into a dwarf, but into a child dressed up in its father's clothes. It was absurd that he should waste so much of his great talents on vivifying zombies like Bulldog Drummond.

Daph herself is no slouch when it comes to the essential Thespian photogeneity (she was tested for Tessa in a silent film of *The Constant Nymph*!). At 13 she is challenging and tawny but not in the least butch, a pretty girl with a deliciously determined mouth, obviously a strong character and a bit of a Tartar with the knack of making you feel a swine for having Betjemanic thoughts about her. The most sensational illustration is a snap of her aged 21, looking sulky and sultry in a souwester, brandishing a boathook; in the background is a huge conger eel which, as any surrealist would tell you, she has just gaffed up out of the collective unconscious in the harbour. There are also some stunning reproductions of artists' portraits, rich in period value, school of 'Diana of the Uplands'. Her present-day image is that of a serene, prototypical, smart but not gaudy Mrs Exeter who has been through the mill.

I am sure she knows how much she owes to the Du Maurier genes carrying, through three generations, some mysterious cluster of factors making for irresistibly compulsive entertainment. She subtitles her book 'the shaping of a writer'. I think 'the early years of a surprisingly normal woman' is equally descriptive. She sails through all the difficult phases with an ease that's really rather remarkable in view of the background and her own obviously quite hefty temperamental load. A tomboy at puberty, she had daydreams which she shared with her sisters, based on *Teddy Lester's Schoolday*, of being 'Eric Avon', an all-round athlete of genius. At her finishing school she had a powerful but not uncomfortable crush on Françoise, the elegant young directrice, later mysteriously sacked by the English spinster proprietress. Boyfriends were kept at arm's length by both parents. There was hell to pay if she came in after midnight. Gerald was especially jealous of his own nephew, Geoffrey, himself old enough to be Daph's father. Most fancied by her was Carol, who worked on Edgar Wallace films. She doesn't say so, but I think this must have been Carol Reed. After rumours – quite unfounded, just a few kisses in the bar – that she had been misconducting herself when staying with the Edgar Wallaces in Switzerland, she was sent on a Norwegian cruise (chaperoned by Viola Tree, who later fell into the drink in a picture hat) on the millionaire Otto Kahn's yacht. Her diary gets rather excited: 'This beauty is too much. It's defeating, utterly bewildering. Beauty most exquisite . . . ' So does her 66-year-old host. To cool him down . . . 'springing to my feet . . . I stripped off my clothes and plunged naked into the water before his astonished eyes. A daring measure but it worked'. Back home, determined to become independent, she buckled down to her writing. The house at Fowey was bought in 1927 and she entered on the sublimated pixie phase – with fuzzy old Quiller-Couch as mentor – that was to end with marriage. Meanwhile, a few miles away at St Austell, Rowse was starting to sun himself on the rocks of literature. Always a dangerous duchy, Cornwall. More please, Daph, though, and soonest.

Peter Conrad

The Terrific Register

Popular Literature: A History and Guide by VICTOR E. NEUBURG *Penguin* £1.25

As the national mind expires, criticism is increasingly turning into a form of tourism. The new *Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles* provides maps for genteel outings on the moors and towpaths trodden by the poets. Literature has been annexed to the places in which it happens to have been created; art works are arrayed as a series of wayside comfort stations. Although Victor Neuburg is a functionary of the North London Polytechnic, and therefore less the cultivated amateur than the Mesdames Eagle and Carnell, compilers of the fatuous *Oxford Guide*, his new book on *Popular Literature* also calls itself a guide. The itinerary is different – not the rural churchyards and slumbrous spas of the Oxford ladies but urban bookstalls where hawkers peddled ballads in the 17th century, the shops of singing barbers, or those Manchester factories described by Mrs Gaskell in which hand-loom weavers pored over Newton's *Principia* during their lunch breaks; still, the proprietorial sentimentality is the same. For the Oxford ladies, literacy is an adornment; for Neuburg and his arti-

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sans it is useful, arming 'ordinary men and women' with an 'awareness of their own history'. In both cases, however, the concern is with social patronage rather than the art being patronised.

Neuburg's subject is unpropitious, for he sets himself to define a tradition of ephemeral publication and oral anecdotage which has left few traces of itself, and to attribute to his proletarian reading public a self-consciousness of which, he admits, it was unconscious. There was, he insists, 'a very popular literature', but the proof of its reality is its apparent non-existence: it was 'a folk rhetoric which people took so much for granted that they were hardly aware of it'. Hence each investigative trail dithers off into uncertainty, and the book's progress is a series of confessions of failure. An account of the scurrilous Elizabethan balladeer Deloney, for instance, is aborted when the sources dry up: 'In the end, of course, Deloney's personality eludes us.' Mayhew and one or two others describe the existence of Victorian vendors of street literature, 'but in general our picture remains uncertain', Neuberg acknowledges. He also disarmingly negates his own rhetorical questions: of an urban rascal who outwits a squire in a penny novel, he asks, 'Is there an echo of Cobbet's radicalism in all this?', only to concede promptly that 'this is doubtful'.

He contrives as well to disqualify his claims for the integrity of the popular tradition by exposing at every turn its dreary, unchanging vulgarity. It is one of the ironic calamities of this kind of research that the investigator's radicalism, impatient of 'spurious gentility' and desperate to sympathise with Chesterton's 'people of England' who 'have not spoken yet', is regularly contradicted by the oafish conservatism of his subjects. Neuburg's proletarians are even typographically regressive, clinging to outdated black letter print until late in the 17th century 'long after pretty well everything else was being printed in "white letter" or Roman type'. Another embarrassment is the unfortunate connection between popularity and bad art. Neuburg ingenuously remarks that 'two qualities characterise the novels of this kind which were published from about 1770 onwards – popularity and poor writing', but doesn't inquire whether the popular is necessarily the poorly written. His quotations do tend to discredit the popular literature he presumably intended to vindicate: smug doggerel about the Crystal Palace, a lamentation on the death of Wellington which has all the metrical monotony of a brass band, or *The Terrific Register*, a lurid digest of executions, mutilations, sanguinary revenges and intrepid encounters with wolves.

Even on this squalidly sensational 'hotch-potch', as he would call it, Neuburg manages to be imperceptive. He adopts the easy explanation of the Gothic mode as an escape from impoverished urban reality. But on the contrary the Victorian city, that subterranean labyrinth of tunnels and burrows threaded by the characters of Dickens and sketched by Doré, is a Gothic phenomenon. Wilkie Collins called it a 'house-forest'. Carlyle declared that even carboniferous Manchester was 'built on the infinite abysses'. For Chesterton the city was a Gothic riddle, every brick a hieroglyph. Gothic literature is not a repudiation of the city but an exploration of it. Neuburg also smudges the interesting and devious question of the relation between the sensational amoralism of Gothic and the prosing tractarian piety into which it generally subsides. He does so by invoking a flatulent cliché – 'Popular fiction has, in fact, always been fairly moral' – without inquiring into the ingenious dishonesty of Gothic and the lewd journalism which has learnt from it how to pander to an appetite for the brutal and salacious while satisfying a hypocritical prudence. Others commit the crimes for us, allowing us the thrill of complicity without endangering our sense of probity.

Previous writers on this subject, like Richard Hoggart or Q. D. Leavis, have been concerned to account for the debasement of popular taste between the 19th century, with its inexpensive editions of Milton and Dickens, and the ghastly, glossy present. Hoggart blames the mechanisation of amusement, Q. D. Leavis the altered social constitution of the reading public. For Neuburg the problem doesn't arise. He is aware only of a dull continuity. The doctrine of the unchanging human heart sanctifies his clichés – 'human nature at most periods craves some sort of melodrama and likes to identify with something larger than life' – though he permits himself some meretricious updatings: John Taylor the 'Water Poet' becomes a 17th-century television personality, and 'may well have been the originator of our present-day "sponsored walks" '. A lineage of moral turpitude and literary crassness stretches in Neuburg's history from the Tudor adulteress Mistress Arden, who had her spouse battered to death with a 14lb. pressing-iron after unsuccessfully poisoning his breakfast porridge, to the peroxided hussies of the *News of the World*, and his only comment on changes within that lineage is the extraordinary allegation that 'Tudor sensibilities must have been rather more blunted than ours'.

In his introduction Neuburg complacently defends the inconclusiveness of his inquiry by mocking an 'undue reliance upon computerised data' and the expectation of 'a set of neatly tabulated answers'. This Luddite squib is a clumsy evasion: in his scrupulous refusal to exercise his critical imagination, in his bibliographical blandness, Neuburg is rather more like a computer than he might care to admit.

John Mole

Old Moon

Old moon, you have entered
our last phase; we dream of you
as multiples of glass in concrete
and our children's future
bouncing through your dust.

So proud of you we are; such aspirations
brought to earth, a thumbprint
pressed against the dark –
Who cares that you will seem most lonely
shining on cold landscapes, unobserved?

Edward Pygge

Book Review 800

Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine
by TOM WOLFE *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*
£3.50

Well, try to imagine *my* predicament . . . try to imagine it *as if it were yours*! It can be done. For instance, my back's to the window, so right this minute you can get a straight fix on my personal appearance without me even knowing you are *there*! Of course, if you are any kind of buddy, you'll ignore the dime-size beginnings of a bald spot where the light catches my grave, impartial, ruminative head, or if you're chum enough to notice it you'll say – Hold it *just one second*, fellas . . . you know where he got that? He got that *in the field*. Slightly wounded by own index finger while in midthought, heavily outnumbered at the time by enemy abstractions. Similarly with any trace of dandruff you might discern on either of the two shoulders of my eight percent cashmere maroon sleeveless. To every combat its own casualties.

What else will you see? You'll see my Ryman's four door executive style office desk with its Easi-Action right-side filing-rack. You'll see my rear-end sliding panels that have been known to double as saloon doors when I'm bushed and even the most *Low Rent* paradox turns mean on me. And you'll get a straight-arrow zone-in on my stainless steel plunger ashtray; the one I keep ignoring in favour of burning an arm-span's line-up of brown troughs into the green leatherette desk edges using *exactly the same* no bullshit, can't you see I'm busy, untipped Players Weights I've been sucking on since I first got started in this racket.

So, that's what you'll *see*. But here's the bit you don't see, the Inner Resources angle that takes *Zap*! *Bam*! Ah, *that's* the way it is! ski-leaps of consciousness from *you*. So let me tell you the Few Facts Every Empathiser Needs to Know. At this same desk you see me diligently toiling at in the evening of my years, I've now composed, improvised, stitched together or

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sometimes just for the hell of it *let slip* no less than *seven-hundred-and-ninety-nine* book reviews. In other words, count it whichever way you like, this is my *eight-hundredth* eight-hundred-word pronunciamento, verdict, write-up, put-down, early warning, let's get the record straight *Catch-Up*, reappraisal, my eight-hundredth Shorter Notice. I'm the only man in Britain who still insists on writing anonymously for the *Times Literary Supplement* – *and* delivers his copy *direct to Arthur Crook*! Whatever's wrong with me, it's chronic, it's on the other side of the door that's on the other side of a door I went through around the time *Revolver* hit the air-waves, and the New Consciousness began seeping under study doors. Like a combat pilot, way up – Zoom! – and out of reach, except for those little orange plop-plops down there that any minute could – AAARGH! – bring you down to earth if you didn't keep ducking, weaving, delivering ON DEADLINE AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED, I was cut off from your Flower Power, your fun-philosophies, your Where were *you*, Lionel Trilling, when the kids stopped learning how to spell? . . . I was an insulated super-jock, I knew the rules and maybe, just maybe, if I stuck to them they'd *never* blow the whistle. I had – remember them? – HIGH STANDARDS.

OK. I could have been a lot of other things, if I'd had the *moxie*, the real *whallop*, but when I started out The Novel had a fresh tan, just back from Europe, and the best-stocked bar in town; the Novel was *somebody*; send it into a room, and heads would turn . . . *osmotically*, people knew from the set of its jaw, the way it moved, all loose at the hinges, but *purposeful*, that here was *the* Genre. Across town, there was the Critical Essay and the Doom-Laden Cultural Diagnosis, neither of them in the same league, but *big enough*, they still had the *cojones* to stir young blood, they were still part of *The Place to Be*. How was I to know, when I settled into my early-Habitat desk chair, slipped the battle-ship grey plastic cover off my only-three-previous-owners Remington Portable, and eased the A4 into the reel for MY FIRST BOOK REVIEW . . . how was I to know that precisely one year later *it* would happen, and that there I'd be – SWIIIIISHSH – *way out in orbit*, and with no way back, no destination, just THE NEXT ONE.

Book Review 800 begins here:

> Tom Wolfe has, I'm told, earned himself a minor reputation as the dandified *enfant terrible* of middle-brow American journalism. There is no denying a certain energy, an hysterical (but essentially mechanised) 'vitality' in the movement of his prose, but . . .

See what I mean? I can write this stuff in my SLEEP! ZZZZZZZZZ . . .

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID HARSENT's new book of poems *Dreams of the Dead* will be published later this year by Oxford.

EDWARD PYGGE was for a short time Assistant Travel Editor of the *Ithaca Minuteman*.

JAMES FENTON is currently engaged on a study of the Vietnam War, to be published by Secker & Warburg.

Valentine Cunningham

Uncured

A Hole in the Head by FRANCIS STUART *Martin Brian & O'Keeffe* £4
The Balloonist by MACDONALD HARRIS *Gollancz* £4.75
An Ideal Friend by MADELEINE RILEY *Cape* £3.50

Francis Stuart – it's still too widely unknown – is Lazarus come back from the dead. The resurrection occurred unexpectedly in 1974 when his *Memorial* blinked forth from the tomb, the graveclothes of Irish literary history clutched awry about it (Stuart was the man who actually got Iseult Gonne when Yeats turned his attention that way after failure with mother Maud), its pages still redolent with the grave-stink of its author's dubious collaboration with the wartime Germans. Since then his novels have made their living out of confessing to one kind of blackness after another. 'It's the writer who's one with his work, and doesn't create it as a thing apart,' narrator H. tells Yeats in *Black List, Section H.*, 'who says the things that now matter most.' An old man's lecheries, a survivor's self-justifications and special pleadings: they certainly feel as if they matter to Francis Stuart. It's the attempt, however, to latch them on to things that matter equally to the rest of us – like violence and destructiveness as evinced in the author's native Ireland – that gives *A Hole in the Head* more than a passing, confessional interest.

H. (still H. to himself) has now recrudesced as Barnaby Shane, and is haunted not only by the horrors of modern conflicts but by great analogues for tormented literary creators. He does have a hole in the head, which perhaps goes some way to accounting for his habit of casting himself as Christ ('Can you drink the cup that I drink of?' he's prone to inquire), or as Dostoevsky, imprisoned and almost executed. Does the hole, though, we're invited to speculate, exhaustively account for the presence of Emily Brontë in his life? *Qua* literary device, of course, she is mightily handy (like other fictional time-travellers she's good for lots of unkind jibes at the banality of politicians, modern novels, Van Gogh). But most of all she stands for the writer's interiorised purgatory which, as Shane travels into Ulster, birthplace of her father (there's a roadsign to Rathfriland), is tensely juxtaposed with the all too evidently exteriorised sufferings of that province. Predictably, Shane (or H., or Stuart) plasters the self-pity on in trowelfuls (Branwell Brontë gets added to the roster of Shane's suffering predecessors): angst, you begin to think, can't be this romantically awful even with a hole in your head. Nevertheless some serious reflections on the mingling of fantasy and reality do come through. When he's 'cured' of his obsession and Miss Brontë has departed to become someone else's Muse, Shane still finds the odd confirmation of her presence. Furthermore, Belbury (Belfast) turns out to be full of Gondalian iron men, and when he becomes a hostage to rescue two children of a paramilitary friend from a kidnapper's hideout Shane does turn into a kind of Dostoevsky or Christ. And – parting shot – the children's grannie (Nellie Dean, she'd seemed, to his 'uncured' vision), asks 'how the young lady is'. So Emily, startlingly, lives; as startlingly, almost, as Francis Stuart.

Macdonald Harris's *The Balloonist* could scarcely strike a more different note from Stuart's vein-bursting strenuousness. His is fiction in the salvaged-Defoe vein of Thomas Kenneally's *Gossip from the Forest* or Doctorow's *Ragtime* – transparent prose vehicles for coolly factual historical narratives. This time it's a pensive Swede balloonist, Gustav Crispin, telling of his journey by balloon with two companions to the North Pole in 1897. His Mental Diary (there's a cunning aside about 'the frozen diary, or network of irrelevances' becoming a new literary form) is certainly stuffed with jargon and data. All you wanted to know about the Koerner sextant or early photography (pyrogallic acid, potassium bromide, hydrosulphide of soda, and all), or about early radio and the galena crystal, let alone bearing-rings, gas-bags and techniques with ballast, is here.

But the novel is more than a catalogue. Gustav has a raft of less prosaic memories with which to banish in-flight longueurs: his recollections and dreams of Strindbergian Luisa, first met in Paris and thoroughly explored on a post-splashdown featherbed in Finland. So arrestingly protean, indeed, is this Giocondian lady that Gustav eventually finds he's got her and not her brother Theodor sharing the 'shabby Götterdämmerung' of the Pole flight's disaster. A plot that's difficult to end, this. The *fin de siècle* that so bothers Gustav is far easier to cope with than the finish of a novel where your whole cast, including your narrator, is snuffing it on the icepack. Not unexpectedly (his is so knowingly literary a job), Harris goes for both the bang and the whimper.

More enticingly entertaining, as well as more serious, *An Ideal Friend* manages to keep alive a single large irony without once seeming meagre or uninventive. Michael, an earnest middle-class schoolboy (his uncle is headmaster of the minor public school he attends, his mother an Open University culture-vulture), is invited to stay with the novelist Edmund Franks to whom he's written enthusiastic letters. Shades of Garsington and Bloomsbury and the literary weekend! Alas, Dilke House is a vulgar ex-boardinghouse in an ice-cream and bingo-parlour seaside town, Mrs Franks and her sister-in-law are suburban ladies with suburban friends who watch awful telly programmes and wear blancmange pink clothes, and the novelist is mainly animated by news of share-prices: Michael comes to pray but stays, well, less to scoff than to be humanised by yobbish Jeremy and his lurid chums from the local Tech. A kind of victory, then, for real life over the romantic fictions that possess all the characters. Except that – further ironic twitch – Michael meets the end planned for one of Franks's boyish heroes.

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Three Poems by David Harsent

Mr Punch Looks Good in Black

Quicklime in the pit, that's more his style.
But comes to lay his wreath with all the rest.
Lilies, of course;
the flower of voided passion.

His lumpy shadow flickers on and off
between avenues of stone angels.
Their mossy hair, their weathered
vestments, fly
in the fierce, dry wind. Their eyes
stare into the sun.

Long after the largo has ended, he feels
the notes in his skull.
They chime along his spine.
These are the burnt days of July, the world
gathered under glass, a smell of tinder.

Columns of birds rise from the silt of rivers.
Each hot midday
he downs a bottle and prays for a
quiet mind.

Is Punch a killer? Nights alone in the house
leave him shaken and sick.
Prowlers pad the blistered alleyways;
lean and angry, their nerves strung tight,
they own the streets and carve out
what they want.
He seems to hear
her voice, a murmur, almost out of earshot
in one of the rooms where her things
still lie about.

Less and less the days come back to him –
diminishing, musical. Less and less
the combers of the nearby, blank Atlantic
hold powers to soothe or snare him in
their rhythms.
Our sins, our monument. He stumbles
through clumps
of eelgrass: sand and the tumbled refuse
of the sea,
threads of mineral
racing in his veins. *Suppose*
we could find our place with the living.
Whiskey-blind, he thinks the sea is ice:
so flat, blue-green, and burning, like the sky.
Churchbells sound in the depths;
the shockwave of their round
booms above his head and swells
over his cry and the endless din of gulls.

Punch and the Judy

He feels so old, something primordial,
something that surfaced through
the permafrost
sliding blindly towards warmth . . .
icy against her back: she dreams herself
diving through breakers in a winter sea.

Rain at three and rain again at seven,
hanging leaden in the tidy square.
Dawn after dawn – detrius from
the whirlpool,
the spars and splinters of shipwreck.
Walls of water roar beside the windows.

The girl's blonde head is drawn
into a caul of weed
and her long legs trawl the dark.
His shoulders rap the bedrock. There comes
a noise like singing as their bodies sunder.

Picked over by dabbing fish. –
Her plump lips on his face and on his neck,
dampness of hair uncoiling.
His mind comes loose: he sees a figure
out on the drowning streets,
camouflaged by morning twilight,
watching the room, his eyes
luminous, like an assassin's.
Her shadow runs on the curtain, then
she floats –
a tangle of pink and gold on frosted glass.

Love is his energy and his trap, spurring
the thug beneath the skin: homunculus
hooknosed, hunchbacked . . . Her voice
rings in the shower . . . It stirs in its
cage of ribs,
inarticulate and murderous and mad.

Mr Punch

The tiercel feathers upwind
breasting the airstream;
there's game on the slopes.

Guests on the valley floor
spread their picnic cloths –
midgets warped by the midday haze.

In the tangle of brush near the pines
unseen animals go belly-down,
hot beneath their tawny pelts.

White linen on the furze,
ribbons and flags,
sky-line clouds a belladonna blue. –

The stasis breaks. A child
is tapping a wineglass on his teeth.
His friends join hands to dance
as lust explodes in the bracken.
Mr Punch worms into the girl
and she squeals like a peccary.

Over his shoulder she glimpses
the hunting bird
and mottled depths of sky

while her blood heats.
Mr Punch is growling; the breeze
cools the sweat on his flanks.

His wife and family feast
and watch the dancers.
These women are all alike to Mr Punch.

He'd like to own them, he'd like to eat
them whole,
he'd like their murders
feeding his night-time conscience.

This one's something special:
she loves a dare
and Punchinello thrives on secrecy.

Suddenly, horses are there on the hillside,
standing on their shadows to feed;
distant, they seem to be

behind a wall of glass;
they peel off, circling the dark patches
of clover.
A dozen faces look up

struck through with happiness.
White light flashes from silverware,
the wineglass sings

along its breaking-line.
Mr Punch emerges, grinning.
The children dance in their ring.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Dead Ends

Illustrious Corpses (A) *The Gate* and *ABC Fulham Road*
The Lost Honour of Katharina Blum (AA) *Paris Pullman* and *Phoenix*
Riddles of the Sphinx (U) *The Other Cinema*

The stocky, sad-eyed, jaw-clenched Lino Ventura always looks like a useful man to have around in a crisis and it is on his boxer's shoulders that the considerable weight of *Illustrious Corpses* rests. He is, in a sense, our stand-in, the incorruptible police inspector in a raincoat who sets out to find the murderer or murderers of several judges mysteriously killed in Southern Italy. This being a film by that master-inquisitor of social and political abuses, Francesco Rosi (*Salvatore Giuliano, Hands Over the City, The Mattei Affair*), the good Inspector Rogas is soon in the thick of things, doggedly tracing and retracing the corridors of power. In an interview, Rosi has said, 'It is a philosophical and political thriller set in an imaginary country which could be England but is perhaps more like Italy.' One takes his generalising point: there is corruption in high places everywhere, the price of freedom is constant vigilance, and so on. Make no mistake, though: his 'imaginary' landscape is almost aggressively Italian, from the magnificent opening sequences on. An old man (Charles Vanel) takes a leisurely stroll, halting as his fancy bids him, through an ancient catacomb, each recess harbouring its skeletal priestly remains: ruined mouths gape, his face in close-up reflects an enigmatic satisfaction. He is to be the first victim, shot down as he emerges into the sunlight: 'He liked talking to the mummies,' cackles a senile custodian to Rogas. There is a grand funeral, the glass hearse hauled by eight plumed, metallic horses, a flowery oration, young men shouting angrily, the riot squad moving in, a dreaming shower of leaflets. Meanwhile, a photographer has been clicking away at the assembled dignitaries: disquietingly, we see several of these snaps in black and white. Pasqualino de Santis, Rosi's own photographer, has – it should be said – never done more brilliant location work. He deserves his private thunder of applause.

Another judge is murdered. A dog barks by his master's corpse, a roadside, night. In the light of day, Rogas chats to a taciturn lemon-grower: 'he was like that, made of cement and smoke,' says the peasant, gesturing to a factory going up near by. And the camera exactly catches the verbal image, or vice versa, as it is elsewhere to catch churning water on a boat trip, vast crumbling monuments, a wasteland, an echoing apartment full of portraits of a wife, the gallery lined with statues where our inspector comes literally to a dead end. Pressure is quickly put on Rogas to see the killings as left-wing motivated, probably the work of 'Group Z', and he is assigned to the Political Section, where he is made wonderingly privy to the squads of telephone-tappers and TV eavesdroppers: convinced one man alone was responsible, and he one of three disgruntled at unjust criminal sentences (a gay, a truck-driver turned tramp, a man accused of attempted wife-murder via a chocolate pudding), Rogas asks to be taken off the case altogether. In the highest tradition of the genre, which Rosi generally overflows, he gets down to his own investigations.

On the way to nothing, Rogas the loner visits a lavish party packed with fashionable Communists; the rooms of a near-insane judge (Max von Sydow) who raves on about Voltaire, Russell, Marcuse and the need for a strict policy of decimation; that last art gallery. Before, he has set a friend to tap the Chief of Police's phone and learnt of a conspiracy: he has already caught his boss in a blatant lie. There are intimations behind so much sinister, criss-crossing detail, which is beautifully echoed by the film's sharp editing and use of forms of flashback, that some strange alliances have been formed, transgressing conventional party lines: the top military convening at a soirée that never took place, those chic Reds at a millionaire's do that did. Anyone looking for a tidy denouement is bound to be disappointed, but that is precisely Rosi's strength: that he can make the complexities of intrigue both exciting and authentic-seeming in their own right, leaving one to unsort what one can without the usual sense of let-down. 'The truth', explains a Communist wearily in the concluding line, 'is not always revolutionary.' It could be about simply hanging on to power for power's sake. I think Rosi might reasonably be accused of indulging himself 'aesthetically' beyond the basic requirements of his story, yet these are small worries when set beside the relentless, compulsive drive of the whole.

Relentless would be the word for Volker Schlöndorff's *The Lost Honour of Katharina Blum*, co-directed with Margarethe von Trotta. In essence, this is that oldie about the horrors of foot-in-the-door journalism: see Billy Wilder's *Ace in the Hole*, etc. That *Katharina Blum* is something better than run-down-the-press seems due to two things: the clinical detachment Heinrich Böll brought to the original novel, and the utterly credible performance of Angela Winkler in the difficult title role. This Katharina, known as 'The Nun' to her intimates, one wild night during carnival time in Cologne is swept off her feet and into bed by handsome Ludwig, a stranger. Next morning, heavily armoured police break into her flat but Ludwig, a suspected bank robber already under surveillance, has flown. What follows is the utter invasion of Katharina's privacy, a kind of establishment rape. The most innocent items – a scrap of paper bearing a quote from Marx, her expensive diamond ring, the mileage of her car – are twisted; a brutal, Don Juanish reporter, Tötges, swans around unscrupulously, probably killing her mother, in an intensive care unit, by his questions, scaring the bottom off Katharina's lover, the highly respectable Sträubleder, a businessman and politico. By the close, Ludwig has been caught and the lady is a murderess. The ironic finale – with another funeral oration, this time stressing the importance of a free press – is needlessly heavy; and the baddies and weakies are often too bad and weak to sustain much interest: the scales are loaded from the first. But Katharina lives and there are genuinely eerie similarities with the Rosi film: hidden cameras, phone-tapping, complicity at high levels. The accompanying 60-minute documentary, Felix Greene's *Tibet!*, is not merely best forgotten: it is.

Riddles of the Sphinx, made by Peter Wollen (of *Signs and Meaning in the Cinema* fame) and Laura Mulvey, came with a jolly useful few pages of *explication de texte* at the press show: I only wish I could reproduce them here and save what remains of my sanity. This is your groundbreaking stuff, which means that it opens on Ms Mulvey languidly reading an intro, proceeds with some fuzzy farting-about with unwisely 'found' footage of Sphinxes, then tells the story – women's magazine matter, artfully disjointed – of Laura's being left by hubby to hold the baby, becoming a telephonist, moving in with a black girl friend. Much talk of women's rights (or, rather, questions, questions); 360° pans, sometimes navel-high, first clockwise, then anti-clockwise; lady acrobats and jugglers; two balls of mercury being shaken to centre of maze puzzle. This ending is known as 'Puzzle ending' and the credits follow.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Last Rasp

St Joan *Old Vic*
The Kingfisher *Lyric*
A Mad World, My Masters *Young Vic*

T. S. Eliot thought Shaw's Joan of Arc a sacrilege –

> for instead of the saint or the strumpet of the legends to which he objects, he has turned her into a great middle-class reformer, and her place is a little higher than Mrs Pankhurst.

There is some truth in this put-down. Shaw certainly saw Joan as the sort of feisty, single-minded woman who gets things done, and one can, with a little effort, imagine her crowning Keir Hardie in Westminster Abbey and then storming across Parliament

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Square to plant him in the place of the usurping Asquith. Update her a bit further, and you have something not altogether unlike Barbara Castle in chain-mail. But it is scarcely a very adequate account of the lady. After all, Shaw's Joan is more revolutionary than reformer, a threat to the very foundations of clerical and baronial rule. Then she is supposed to represent something more transcendent and out-of-time than that, the spirit of 'creative evolution', that peculiar blend of Lamarck, Samuel Butler and Norman Vincent Peale. And then again Shaw writes of her, not as a sociologist, a political philosopher or the detached assessor of some pristine Annie Besant, but with warmth and affection and all those qualities commonly assumed to be alien to him. *St Joan,* more than any of his plays, refutes such slanders of GBS as Lawrence's 'bony and bloodless' or Henry Arthur Jones's 'freakish homunculus germinated outside lawful procreation' – as well as Eliot's mandarin docketing of him as simply an 'intellectual stimulant', the brilliant manipulator of late-Victorian ideas.

It's a feeling picture of a vital character, and, as such, quite a challenge for English actresses, a class of person always apt to hoard its emotions safely away from prying eyes. But there's nothing stingy about the Joan that Eileen Atkins has put together for the Prospect Theatre Company. In she comes, forthright, familiar, a bit cocky, the sort of village girl you might find chatting at a bus-stop or stomping in her wellies across the cow-pasture, and we're never allowed to lose sight of her origins. There's always a peasant canniness about her, a knowing slant of the eyes, a knack for seeing through urban nonsense. She's at once quite ordinary and not at all ordinary: unpretentious, matter-of-fact, and yet very determined indeed, not the girl to brook disagreement. Her inquisitor isn't so far off when he describes her as an amalgam of 'diabolic pride and natural humility'. Miss Atkins offers more, too: a brusque and aggressive rasp when she's attacking caution or cowardice; sudden, touching earnestness as she thinks of her voices; a hectic, rampaging misery in her last defiance. Not many actresses would dare leave frying-pan for fire with an unabashed snarl, 'this is my last word to you'. Not many could integrate common sense, tenderness, rage, awe, humour, horror, and much else into a single, coherent performance.

Her Joan inclines you, even more than usual, to think of the play as a one-woman show; but John Dove, whose busy, uncluttered production this is, does what he can to stop the scales sagging too far her way. In this he's much helped by Shaw's celebrated appetite for justice, his eagerness to put the case for obscurantism fully, fairly and from the obscurantist's point of view. Never can a more effective apologia have been slotted into the mouth of an inquisitor, and rarely can this one have been put over with more gentle authority than by Robert Eddison, with his hawkish face and dovish voice, his slightly sinister benevolence. This philanthropic predator can even afford to let something break in the back of his throat after he's sentenced Joan, 'that *poor* girl': he's all along behaved with perfect deference to his lights and graces, and not even late-20th-century agnosticism could call his grief hypocritical. Thanks to him, it's a gripping trial; and thanks to Charles Kay's sly, bookish Dauphin, the school swot trapped in the gymnasium, thanks to Emrys James's urbanely fanatical Cauchon and Geoffrey Palmer's supercilious Warwick and others scarcely less suitable, it is a gripping evening, and sometimes a moving one as well.

It was an odd scene on Shaftesbury Avenue last Wednesday night, what with all those critics blearily bumping into lamp-posts and wondering where the lights had gone. First of all, there seemed to be no theatre; and then, when the power-cut had ended, and we were finally invited into the Lyric, there turned out to be no play, only a milky nightcap, a sort of verbal Ovaltine. Well, all right, several well-known players amble on stage and speak a number of lines, some quite exquisitely. Ralph Richardson has, it appears, kissed Celia Johnson beneath a spreading beech 50 years ago, whereupon she hared off to London to wed nice, safe Reggie, who has just died. Sir Ralph seizes upon this happy event to lure Miss Johnson beneath the branches again and moot marriage, a proposal much resented by his manservant, Alan Webb, who nurses a dumb homosexual crush for him. Miss Johnson is puzzled, pleased, amused, alarmed, appalled, and then pleased again; and there is what one might call a touching ending, were there any reason to take an interest in whatever it is these people keep ticking away in their chests.

Few playwrights could make such a plot plausible, let alone give it depth and resonance, and William Douglas Home is certainly not of their number. Delicacy, subtlety, the ability to spin gossamer out of air, or at any rate weave an atmosphere of nostalgic melancholy out of memories and regrets, were not what the spirits bestowed on him when they visited his infant cradle. His fairy godmother, a brisk spinster with a bag of golf-clubs slung over her wings, dumped down earthier gifts, such as a hearty, bantering sense of humour, a delight in upper-crust eccentricity, an appetite for plain words, plainly spoken, preferably by someone in tweeds. Certainly, the language of *The Kingfisher* is stony and arid, tumbling off the tongue in a series of small landslips. Sir Ralph, as I say, is as good as the circumstances will permit, and even manages to inject a mottled, woozy pain into his part, more than is achieved by Miss Johnson, who is pretty brittle throughout; but what either is doing in the play, why it should originally have been planned for production by the National Theatre, how it has now secured a director of the calibre of Lindsay Anderson, are all strangely perplexing questions. The whole enterprise seems as unlikely as it's awkward and empty, rather as if Chekhov were being mimicked by Richard Gordon or Proust by P. G. Wodehouse.

For the record: the Sinden *Lear,* about which I raved at Stratford, has moved to the Aldwych; Lindsay Kemp's lush, glutinously sensual *Salome,* more to others' taste than mine, to the Broadway, Kilburn; and the Joint Stock Company has brought *Mad World* – all Barrie Keeffe, incidentally, no whit Middleton – to the Young Vic. As a satire of greed in London dockland, in entrepreneurial suburbia, in the police force and even Buck House, it lacks crispness and bite, but it's always raucous and ebullient, a great splurge of custard pie.

Art

John Spurling

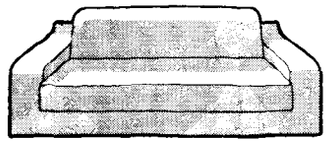
King of the Dunes

Jan van Goyen *Alan Jacobs Gallery*
Old Master Drawings from Holkham *Agnew Gallery*
Apocalypse and Utopia *Fischer Fine Art*

Plenty of visitors to the National Gallery last weekend were making a beeline for Hendrick Avercamp's popular entertainments on ice, exclaiming over the little brightly-coloured figures up to their innocent Dutch tricks. No one spared more than a glance at the label of the three small river scenes by Jan van Goyen hanging on the same wall. Van Goyen's niche in art history is assured by his importance as a pioneer in the development of landscape painting away from the local colours and episodic content represented by Avercamp towards a new overall tonality, a seeing of the landscape as a whole through its light and atmosphere.

We take this development so much for granted now that it is almost impossible to imagine its first effect in the late 1620s, when Van Goyen and one or two contemporaries, extending the innovations of Van Goyen's master Esaias van de Velde, set the scene for Cuyp and Ruisdael and in the dim distance for Turner, Constable and the Impressionists. Neither his originality nor his persistence – he continued prolifically and steadily developing his art until his death in 1656 – brought Van Goyen financial success. In spite or perhaps because of sidelines as a property speculator and an art- and tulip-dealer, he died insolvent.

He has never until now had an exhibition outside the Netherlands, though his paintings began to be bought assiduously by British collectors in the second half of the



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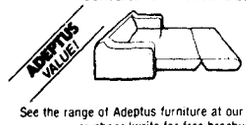

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18th century. To their taste, unsupported by scholars or critics – Reynolds did not like Van Goyen, no more presumably did Ruskin, who wanted to collect the works of all Dutch landscapists 'into one gallery and burn it to the ground' – we owe the present revelation at the Alan Jacobs Gallery, 35 British-domiciled paintings, nearly half of which have not been exhibited before.

Although Van Goyen's colours are so muted, always subordinate to the general grey or brown tonality – which in at least one painting, still pickled in its heavy country-house varnish, becomes a yellowish monochrome – and although the more closely you look the more detail you find, it is not necessary to study the paintings to fall in love with them. A single glance, provided it falls squarely on the picture rather than the label, is enough, and this for two straightforward reasons: the unerringly authoritative composition of all the solid elements – boats, banks of earth, trees, buildings, landing-stages – often arranged, according to another of Van Goyen's and his master's innovatory principles, along a double diagonal; and the huge areas – however small the actual picture – of luminous sky whose light, filtered through cloudy atmosphere and usually concentrated under heavy drifts of rain-cloud, plays every note of the tonal scale over the broken surfaces of earth and water below.

But these reasons might equally serve to suggest the pleasures of a painting by one of Van Goyen's contemporaries in the same movement. What is unique to him is his double sense of material. In this, as to some extent in his subject-matter, though not at all in his techniques or pigments, he reminds one of certain Chinese landscape artists. Van Goyen not only creates the appearance of a variety of real-life materials, the illusion of naturalism, he also draws attention at every point to the single material with which the illusion is created. The two sorts of material can be separated only intellectually, since the eyes are always aware of both at once: the tiny brushstrokes *are* the clusters of reed, the swell of a wave, the planks of a rowing-boat. This extraordinary duality affects the content of the paintings, almost as if the naked eye looking at a landscape could discern the atoms (or quarks) of which everything is made in common at the same time as the outward forms into which they are organised. The smooth, biscuit-coloured walls of churches and cities, the crumpled-looking thatched huts of a fishing-village, the rough posts at water's edge, the grey-brown rhomboidal sails of fishing-boats, the innumerable small figures stooped over nets and catches, putting the finishing touches to a haystack, packed into ferries or stopped at an inn, seem all part of the same original creation as the dunes and rivers, twisted trees and puddled tracks.

These are quiet, undramatic, un-pretty scenes, neither idealised nor grotesque, of people – whom it would somehow seem false to call peasants, though none is individualised except by the occasional touch of colour in a jacket – phlegmatically active in their own damp, untidy places. Their feelings cannot be discovered, they simply belong there like everything else, but the painter's feelings are fully expressed, the intense exhilaration of someone who has seen his world in a certain light for the first time and found the exact means of depicting it. There are another 12 days (including Sundays) in which to beat a path to Van Goyen's door at 15 Motcomb Street, London SW1.

Thomas Coke, first Earl of Leicester, died in 1759, just too early to be caught up in the new British craze for buying Van Goyens. In any case his taste, formed in Rome as a teenager on the Grand Tour, was for Italian masters. He lost money in the South Sea Bubble, but was sufficiently flush again 14 years later to begin building his Palladian mansion, Holkham Hall, designed by William Kent in a Claudian setting. A hundred or so of the drawings from his collection, still housed at Holkham but unlike the house itself not on view to visitors, are now being exhibited at Agnew's. They include a particularly fine group of double-figure studies by Guercino, several Claudes (one of the Earl's special addictions), and a charming little brown study by Poussin (two years Van Goyen's senior) of putti picking grapes watched by an indolently sprawled river-god, whose left elbow rests on a barrel, while his right hand cools its fingers under the water flowing out of it. It is as incongruous to think of that Arcadian trickle ending up as one of Van Goyen's estuaries, though they were visualised at the same time, as it must have been, a hundred years later, for the Norfolk fishermen to watch their Van Goyen landscape being transformed under Capability Brown's direction into Arcadia.

As for us, we can pass from both into an exhibition, entitled *Apocalypse and Utopia*, of German paintings done between 1910 and 1939, a cacophonous mixture of Nolde's and Kirchner's Expressionism, Grosz's Surrealism, Kandinsky's and Moholy-Nagy's Suprematism-Constructionism, Klee's Abstraction, and Feininger's Cubism-Futurism, among others. Nothing here seems quite as earth-shaking or as improving as the title implies. One has the impression, crystallised by Otto Müller's painting of the yellow-fleshed, exhausted-looking Mädchens stripping off in a green, gently-wooded meadow by a stream, of an earnest and slightly adolescent yearning for corruption and wickedness coupled with an intrinsic innocence, the theme indeed of several German plays from *Faust* to *Spring Awakening* to Horvath's *Tales from the Vienna Woods*. It is true that historically the period was both Apocalyptic and, for the gulls, Utopian, but the paintings in this show function on a more domestic scale of disruption and reconstruction, fitted to galvanise the world of art rather than to measure the horrors of the world of Passchendaele and Hitler.

Television

Ian Hamilton

The Bottom of the Line

Americans may have been transfixed by their ex-President's performance in *The Nixon Interviews* (BBC-1) but over here we were naturally rooting for Our Boy, and How he Licked the Networks. Most of the fastidiously paced leaks about Frost's coup had been to do with the Brit's steel-eyed acumen in business matters: how They tried to do him in but didn't. We were meant to feel gratified that someone whom even Christopher Booker used to patronise at Cambridge could outsmart tough media Americans. Booker may have midnight doubts about Frost's spiritual ratings – how frightful to want to be famous, just for the sake of being famous – but even the curate of Robertsbridge couldn't disguise, in his *Observer* piece last Sunday, the depths of sinful Envy to which the stained Methodist had cast him down over the years. For us, the trial of Nixon was just as enticingly the trial of Frost.

And here it did get somewhat difficult. Simply to have managed to bribe the enfeebled villain to appear was surely half Frost's battle; the other half was persuading advertisers that enough of us would have enough to gloat on. The actual interview should therefore have been child's play. Sad then to see Frost, briefed to exhaustion, unable to keep his jaw stiff as Dick's sweat poured; to see the interrogator as shiftily unconvincing as the prey. Nixon is now a pitiable figure, lost in a maze of collapsed syntax and meaningless abstractions; he doesn't know which rhetoric to hazard, which line is now 'the bottom of the line'. Presumably he used to get his strength from being sure that there would always be another falsehood to fall back on. Here, though, he was required to offer a new style: for despair, for error, for criminal mendacity. Which lies does the known Liar put his money on? Frost led the blind man forward, and Nixon's final mumble of contrition ('Unless you *say* it now you are going to be haunted for the rest of your life') was the crowning glory of his show. Frost needed that apology as badly as Nixon – it would seem – needed the fat wad that paid for it.

The Eurovision Song Contest (BBC-1), notable as usual for presenting the same song in 14 languages, had one or two extras for us this year. Angela Rippon turned in a creditably strained performance as the Katie Boyle Ms-C figure; she wouldn't in the least have minded being rescued by a newsflash. And our song – all about how broke we are – was sabotaged by the Irish vote. At one point it looked as if the 12 points we handed to the Micks added to the nil points they handed us would result in a victory for *them*. Fortunately, swift

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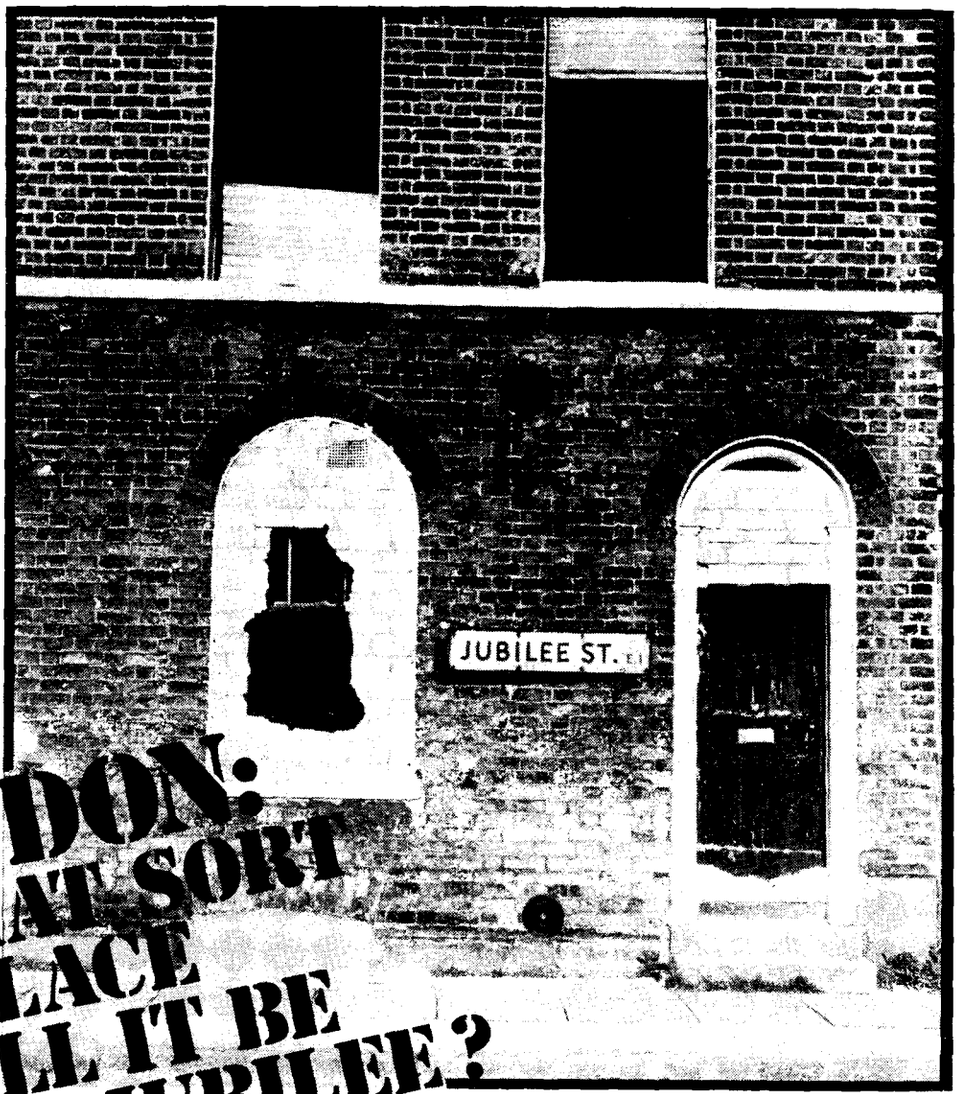

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action by the EEC prevented this, and the French were diplomatically allowed to win the day.

World in Action (Granada) has become over-fond of dredging up and then up-dating ancient shows. Monday night's two-hour offering *Twenty-One* had moments of interest but was ridiculously stretched. Children who had been interviewed at the age of 7 and then again when they were 14 were here presented at the age of 21. Upper-class kids who knew (age 7) that by the time they were 21 they'd be at Oxford were indeed at Oxford, believing in more or less the same things they'd believed in at the age of 7. Working-class kids who'd wanted to be astronauts weren't astronauts – but then, as some of them would argue, nor were the upper-class kids who knew they'd be at Oxford. Amusing to watch for a time, but it soon became embarrassing to see the interviewers trying to drain some sociological usefulness from the random flood of anecdotage on offer.

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Making Whoopee

Little Feat: 'Time Loves a Hero' *Warner K56349* £3.29
Weather Report: 'Heavy Weather' *CBS 81775* £3.39

If Mary Whitehouse got round to hearing Little Feat, she would probably start a campaign against them, and there is no telling what would happen if they ever appeared before the lobotomised audience at the Eurovision Song Contest. Rock 'n' roll derived its name from the to and fro of the sexual act, but you wouldn't know it, judging by most of what goes out on Radio 1 or *Top of the Pops*. For Little Feat, however, the connection with the libido is what it is all about. Not because they simulate rape on stage, like Detroit's classic MC 5, or lay on a dose of panting and heavy breathing like Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg, but because the music they play communicates, quite unselfconsciously, the raw energy of sex. *Time Loves a Hero*, their sixth in a series of consistently brilliant albums, is no disappointment.

The music, with its roots in blues, R & B, country and jazz, is powerful and original, just what you would expect from a band that is rumoured to have bowled the Stones over. Little Feat's première in London three years ago, on a grey Sunday afternoon at the Rainbow, has grown into something of a myth: one of those gigs from which no one has yet quite recovered. I, for one, can still feel the grin that split my face for nearly two hours on that occasion. While earlier albums were characterised by the thrilling drawl of Lowell George's slide guitar – always used sparingly, for textural effect or in breathtaking solos rarely exceeding 12 or 16 bars – the dominant sound now comes from Bill Payne on piano, organ and a range of electric keyboards. The total effect, while a little more sophisticated – through the addition of horns, strings and synthesiser on some of the tracks – is still one of overwhelming tightness: this band always plays *together*, without being in the slightest way mechanical or rigid.

Little Feat's greatest strength lies in their restraint: they avoid the histrionics of 'heavy' boogie, the interminable guitar solos and hysterical musical orgasms. However fast they play, Little Feat always hold back: they are forever on their way to a climax, and that is what makes their music so exciting.

The last two albums featured brief excursions into jazz-rock, and the cross-over continues: 'Day at the Dog Races', an instrumental with some very distinctive keyboard work by Payne, bridges the gap between the simplicity of rhythm-and-blues and the wilder improvisations of free jazz. There is no indication that the band intends to pursue this new direction much beyond the present flirtation, and perhaps that is just as well – they are more than competent, but they don't have anything like the same panache as a group like Weather Report, whose new album *Heavy Weather* reinforces their position as one of the leading jazz-rock combinations. Jazzmen who have often to work hard in poverty are sometimes tempted to mix their medium with more lucrative elements, designed to drag their minority music closer to the middle of the road. Rock is the latest in a line of money-makers, and alongside the more arid world of free improvisation, there has grown a large school of 'jazz-rockers': they have borrowed rock's simple beat, electric instruments and reliance on a barrage of decibels, but, in rather too many cases, the combination has created a desert of rhythmic and melodic monotony.

Weather Report, however, have succeeded in creating a vital new music of their own: it is not just the succession of notes and beats that matters but the quality and timbre of individual sounds – the gentle tinkle of an acoustic piano, the roar of a synthesiser, the wail of a soprano saxophone, and the various textures in the percussion line-up (tambourines, tom-toms, congas, bells, snares, bass drums, woodblocks and delicate hand-claps). Joe Zawinul, responsible for all the keyboards and the more catchy melodies ('Birdland', 'The Juggler', 'A Remark You Made') and Wayne Shorter (tenor and soprano sax) are the only remaining founder members of the band, having originally met when they worked with Miles Davis, who has himself 'gone electric', smothering his trumpet in a murky sea of synthetic jungle sounds. The interplay between the various members of a group like Weather Report is all-important, and while at times in the past the necessary chemistry may have been absent, the personnel on this album works admirably. Miroslav Vitous's superlative bass-playing held the early incarnation of the group together, and the present band's sound is distinctively coloured by his replacement, Jaco Pastorius, whose 'bent' notes were an essential element in the excellent moody backing for Joni Mitchell's recent album *Hejira*.

Like all really good bands, Weather Report has never been fully captured on record; the same applies to Little Feat. An audience provides an element which good production and the best studio technology cannot equal. In the absence of frequent live appearances, however, the records should do us all very well.

Opera

Dennis Marks

Gloss

Elektra *Covent Garden* Further performances on 14, 19, 23 May

There are moments in *Elektra* when Strauss's orchestral upholstery seems a bit too deep pile for the steel frame of Sophocles's drama. How often do you ever *hear* two basset horns above all that heavy brass? Doesn't the composer rather give way to indulgence when he asks for a celesta ad lib? At Covent Garden on Friday, Carlos Kleiber seemed hell-bent on convincing us that Strauss knew exactly what he was after when he ordered a hecklephone from the soft-furnishings department. He conducted what must be the most transparent reading of the score in recent memory, with every thread of the rich fabric shining through. Sheer delicacy in *Elektra* would be perverse if it didn't serve a larger purpose. Luckily, Kleiber's purposes are very large indeed. What he presents is a huge dramatic symphony, closer kin to *Heldenleben* than *Salomé*.

Kleiber husbands his resources with care. He keeps the maids scene fast and light and doesn't unwind until the long pedal note on the basses which underpins Elektra's opening cry of 'Alone!'. There isn't a real climax until the *molto mosso* passage at the end of Elektra's monologue, where she describes the dance she will perform over the corpses of her father's murderers. Even then he reserves a full fortissimo for Crysothemis's 'I am a woman and want a woman's destiny'. It's all part of a carefully planned strategy, building the score in broad paragraphs, saving a little weight on each big moment so that the final minutes of the opera come through with the right force. What is interesting about Kleiber's approach is that it places the real climax of the work not in the murders or Elektra's dance but in the ecstatic duet between the two sisters. It provides a fascinating gloss on the Sophocles/Hoffmanstal libretto by suggesting that the heart of the piece is in the tension between the siblings, one crying out for life and normality, the other grimly dedicated to death. It also makes the C Major close of *Elektra* more convincing than I have ever heard it.

The performances bear out Kleiber's careful conception. Nilsson remains an unlovable heroine, inspiring plenty of fear but not very much pity. She is at her best floating a cold high note above the stave, as in her sarcastic reply to Klytmenestra's

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appeal to the gods, 'Are you not yourself a goddess?' One marvels, of course, at the security in this tonsil-crushing music after 20 years of singing the part, but at the same time there is a disappointing lack of warmth in the recognition scene with Orest. This may be the fault of Donald MacIntyre, whose gritty tone and wooden presence hardly encourage much affection. But, appropriately the real core of the evening is in the conflict with Gwynneth Jones's Crysothemis, deeply affecting in the passage describing her desire to bear children, full-throated in her joy at her brother's return. The contrast with Elektra's iron-voiced triumph over the double murder carries genuine theatrical power.

Which is just as well, because as far as the staging is concerned this revival is as strangled as Aegisthus at the final curtain. John Copley gives the production's throat an extra squeeze by botching the three best moments in the drama, with a lousy sacrificial process, an embarrassing scene between Orest and the servants and Elektra's little interlude digging up the axe staged bewilderingly in the wings. Gotz Friedrich must replace this shabby production with all haste. In the mean time, hear it for Kleiber's compelling symphonic interpretation, but if you want something to look at, take along a score, a libretto and a pocket torch.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Rough & Tumble

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet *Sadler's Wells*
London Festival Ballet *Coliseum*

Better to play safe or take risks? It partly depends how intelligent the risks are. That is why the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet must be condemned – not for staging new works when any novelty is a risk, but for commissioning choreographers who already had failures last year. If these are really the best talents to be found, then who can blame Festival Ballet for sticking to tried favourites, getting Markova to revive *Les Sylphides* and Nureyev to stage yet another version of *Romeo and Juliet*?

True, the management of the Royal Ballet persists in describing Lynn Seymour's and David Morse's choreographic debuts last year as successes. Yet neither *Rashomon* nor *Pandora* were very popular with the critics, and both seem already to have been dropped from the repertoire. *Court of Love*, Seymour's new effort, is one of those bits of pseudo-medieval whimsy, complete with pastiche score by Howard Blake, which can be described as slight and charming, or pointless and boring, according to taste. The charm or boredom are occasionally interrupted by would-be humour, in the shape of elderly, grotesque courtiers pawing at the sex-starved royal ladies, which I was not alone in finding distasteful. In *Birdscape* Morse has the dancers running and jumping about as birds successively of the air, the land and the sea, with not much difference between them but with a supposed touch of drama provided by a rather tame bird of prey. Cut-out clouds at the back go up and down for no apparent reason and the whole thing is inappropriately accompanied by Martinu's *Spalicek Suite No 1*. The only touch of fun is provided when the 'birds' go into a shimmy out of MacMillan's *Elite Syncopations*. Both ballets are a shocking waste of good dancers, and of money.

Glen Tetley's *Gemini* is a different story. It was much admired, though not by me, when the Australian ballet did it at the Coliseum. There are those who don't mind or who don't notice Tetley's unmusicality, which in this case becomes positively anti-musical: the final runs across the stage are quite at odds with the accompanying Third Symphony of Henze. The ballet is less popular now at Sadler's Wells, maybe because the stage looks too cramped and maybe because we have now seen more than enough of this kind of thing. It certainly is not the fault of the dancers: Maina Geilgud, Desmond Kelly, June Hightower and Dale Baker – an Australian who came to the rescue when David Ashmole was injured – all coped splendidly.

The main pleasures of the season have come from the standard repertoire, from the talented and vivacious company, and from the unusually large number of distinguished guests gracing what is officially the Company's first season back in its womb. David Ashmole, Desmond Kelly and Carl Myers have all blossomed remarkably since transferring from Covent Garden while Margaret Barbieri is gaining increasing recognition as the true lyric ballerina she has been for some time. Ashmole scored as the Red Knight in *Checkmate* and Kelly projected a surprising degree of personality and charm in *The Prodigal Son* and in a lovely performance of *The Two Pigeons* which also marked Ann Jenner's enchanting London debut in the lead. Guests have included the amazing Robert Helpmann, still doing his comic shuffle and willing to take a complete tumble as Dr Coppelius, and dominating *Checkmate* as the senile Red King, and Maina Geilgud miscast as a classical ballerina but ideally suited to the butch Black Queen in *Checkmate*. Egon Madsen, of the Stuttgart Ballet, was the most touching and human tall clown in the *The Lady and the Fool* that I have ever seen – a shame that he could only be here for one performance and even more of a shame that Cranko is no longer with us to see his protégé triumph in London. Tonight (Friday) the delectably stylish Galina Samsova dances *La Fille Mal Gardée* here for the first time.

Les Sylphides used to be the *sine qua non* curtain-raiser for any touring company but it has dropped out of fashion recently. Too often the ladies of the *corps* went noisily through routines which patently meant nothing to them or to their audiences. Some of the orchestrations used were percussive and vulgar. Markova always conveyed feeling and atmosphere when she danced the ballet and on Monday it was clear that she has successfully imparted these things to a new generation. Eva Evdokimova, Manola Asensio and Peter Schaufuss led a soft-footed and stylish performance, accompanied by the sensible Roy Douglas orchestration. This should win *Les Sylphides* back its regular place in the repertoire, especially if the audience can be taught not to shatter the mood with applause. Earlier, Schaufuss showed what a brilliant virtuoso he has now become in Festival's revival of *Etudes*, with Evdokimova as the charming and authoritative ballerina. The revival of *Le Coq d'Or* is magnificently colourful and spectacular and both Asensio and Liliana Belfiore make fine cockerels, but the Queen of Shemakhan and the various male characters lack personality, which is fatal in a ballet that relies more on personality than on choreography.

Weekend Competition

No 2463 **Set by T. A. Dyer**

Jubilee time. A simple comp, but one not, we think, without possibilities. Imagine a scene from the life of our First Family, but transposed into the world of Stoppard, Pinter, Ayckbourn, Storey, or any living dramatist. Maximum a lush 250 words, but you must earn your length. By 27 May.

Result of No 2460 **Set by Jim Anthony**

We asked for variations on Bertrand Russell's famous declension, 'I am firm, you are stubborn, he is a pig-headed fool'.

Report **by Little Keith**

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.

These lovely lines from Emily Dickinson struck me as curiously apposite in this Week of Many Losers. Too many of you seem to have spent a fortnight cradling Roget and hunting for intensives. H. G. Body wrote in to remind us of a similar comp 30 years ago in which one of the winners was the still-popular 'I like boys, you are a scoutmaster, he is doing six months'; very kind of him, but records here in the complex go back *much* farther than that. So do the pay records, and if you could see them, you'd appreciate the generosity of a pound a line for the following.

I am, you were, he's past it.
I cite, you incorporate, he plagiarises.
I tell a funny story, you get the details wrong, he forgets the punch-line.
I compete, you get an honourable mention, he wins. V. F. CORLEONE

I'm reasonably handy, you're a Do-It-Yourself bore, he even makes his own *matches*.
I possess a rational degree of self-esteem, you're a shade too pleased with yourself at times, he is A. L. Rowse.
I wash regularly, you're a bit of a hygiene fanatic, his pores must be shouting at him, 'Why can't you bloody well leave us alone!'
RUFUS STONE

I am efficient, you are barely competent, he is a *Guardian* proof-reader.
My handwriting has character, your handwriting is untidy, he is a doctor.
DAVID TIDY

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I have written a work of imaginative truth, you have scamped your research, he has got it all wrong.
I am a crusading investigative reporter, you are an intruding gossip-monger, he is Nigel Dempster. KEN MACKENZIE

I have a small bladder, you take risks, he haunts public lavatories.
I work for my living, you are gainfully employed, he is middle-class.
I have rather a good cellar, you enjoy a glass of wine, he drinks. T. GRIFFITHS

I listen to Radio 3, you listen to Radio 4, he listens to Radio 1.
My marriage thrives on tension, you've been unlucky with your wife, he beats her.
W. S. BROWNLIE

I am stocky, you are short and stout, he is a fat little turd.
I have a business appointment, you are meeting a client for lunch, he is off to the pub.
TOM DONNELLY

I meditate, you day-dream, he just sits there.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

I educate, you teach, it is an audio-visual gimmick. J. M. BENNETT

I am lethargic, you are lazy, he is a car-worker.
H. G. TAYLOR

I cheer, you barrack, he is a football hooligan.
I socialise, you fraternise, he gropes.
A. WRIGHT-BURKE

I wager, you bet, he punts. TIM HOPKINS

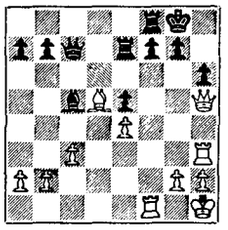
I went to Public School, you work for the BBC, he is a right pouf. WILLIAM HODSON

Tony Miles

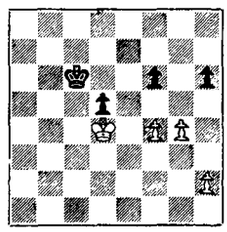
Chess

No. 33 **March Problems**

Most of the March problems were fairly straightforward. Problem 24 had more than one solution. As well as 1. R-B6, as given, 1. P-QN4, B-Q3 or N3; 2. Q-N6 threatening 3. R x RP and 4. Q-R7 mate is decisive. 2. . . . K-R1 is met by 3. R x Pch so black is reduced to 2. . . . R-K3 with decisive material loss A third suggestion, 1. Q-N6 is nowhere near so effective since white only gains a pawn after 1. . . . Q-Q3; 2. R x P, Q x Q, when the opposite coloured bishops give black chances of survival.

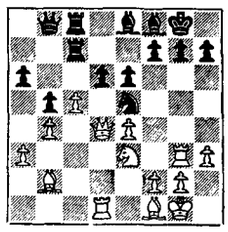


Problem 26 caused by far the most trouble. This deceptively simple-looking K+P ending practically decided the month's prizewinners. White has a pronounced positional advantage, but no forced win. 1. P-R4 is easily dismissed: 1. . . . K-Q3, 2. P-R5, K-K3! 3. K-B5, P-B4! 4. P-N5, P x P; 5. P x P (or P-R6, K-B2) P-B5 and white can make no progress. 1. P-R3! is much more interesting: 1. . . . K-Q3; 2. P-R4, K-B3! (not 2. . . . K-K3; 3. K-B5! P-B4; 4. P-N5 or 3. . . . P-R4; 4. P x P) and now (a) 3. P-R5, K-Q3; 4. P-N5; P x P; 5. P x P, K-K3! 6. P-N6, K-B3; 7. K x P, K-N2 and white cannot win, even if black gives him the opposition, since 8. K-K5, K-B1; 9. K-B6, K-N1; 10. P-N7, K-R2; 11. K-B7 is stalemate, or (b) 3. P-N5, BP x P; 4. P x P, P x P; 5. P-R5, P-N5; 6. K-R3! (a good try if 6. P-R6, P-Q5ch), K-B4! drawing, as I gave in my published solution. However, this was far from clear to everyone since 7. K-B4, P-Q5; 8. K x P, P-Q6; 9. K-B3, K-B5; 10. P-R6, K-B6? 11. P-R7, P-Q7; 12. P-R8= Qch wins, but 10. . . . K-N6! solves the problem, when both sides queen.



As an amusing illustration of the difficulties the position caused, one of the usually more successful entrants first sent a solution correctly *claiming a draw, giving (in line b)* 6. K-K3, K-B4; 7. P-R6, P-Q5ch; 8. K-B2, P-Q6 etc. The next day he sent a 'correction', claiming a win with 6. K-K3, K-B4; 7. K-B4, P-Q5; 8. K x P, P-Q6; 9. K-B3 "and wins" and, finally, after seeing the published solution, repeated the correction, with a few more lines, pointing out that it would make a good 'white to play and win' study.

Problem 33:
Black to play. His QP is attacked and . . . P x P is met by Q x N. What should he play? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked not later than Wednesday, 25 May.



Solution to Problem 31: 1. Q-B6 ch! N x Q; 2. B-B5ch! B x B; 3. P (either) x Pch, K-B1; 4. R-R8 mate.

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Weekend Crossword 1215

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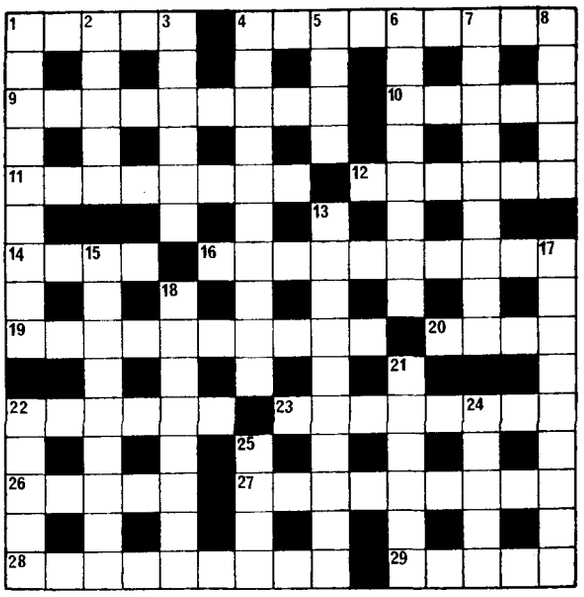


ACROSS

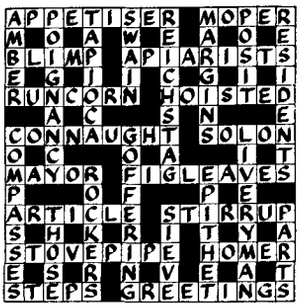
1. There is nothing in an actress making her entrances (5).
4. Parts of the anatomy exposed if breasts are hidden (4, 5).
9. If the pressmen lost me, they would give the vehicle the last word (9).
10. Near the end (5).
11. The listeners are in here changing to practise (8).
12. Wandered with me in the street (6).
14. Credit given as sign of approval (4).
16. Material for fool as well as prophet (10).
19. Where a bird is in front of the mirror (10).
20. Woman who needs a penny for a trick (4).
22. Everyone in the morass was killed in battle (6).
23. Release one's grip on a kind of property (8).
26. Deposit would be smaller if nothing were removed (5).
27. Advantage of having one limb in viper's coils (9).
28. Kind of correspondence involved in anonymous cases (9).
29. Creature that makes a musical note in death (5).

DOWN

1. Painter of scenery on a mountain (9).
2. Glamour which brings love to a standstill? (5).
3. It never stops although the rest are dispersed before morning (6).
4. Shattering pieces of news? (10).
5. Station line (4).
6. One who does it all (8).
7. Last user (9).
8. 'The spirit of the time shall teach me ——' *(K. John)* (5)
13. Goddess who makes a writer languish (10).
15. Fighting men mangled alive in the traffic (9).
17. Capital conclusion to some drinks for a Puritan (9).
18. 'John —+— my jo, John' (Burns) (8).
21. Too old to understand about nothing (6).
22. Composer who puts everything into one note (5).
24. In home games it comes last (5).
25. Go round for a trip in the car (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1213



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an Assistant to work in the Research department to handle casework concerning political imprisonment in Latin America, particularly Andean countries. Applicants should be familiar with the politics and social conditions of the region. Fluent Spanish and good typing essential. Salary £3,669 per annum. Closing date 27 May 1977.

For further details contact 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1 or phone 01-404 5831 Ext. 29.

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Closing date: 23 May 1977

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Applicant should be between 18 and 22, have good shorthand and typing skills and be prepared to help on switchboard (training given if required). Salary to £2,430 p.a. LVs £2 p.w. 4 weeks holiday in a full year.

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at the NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.

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The nature of the job requires some evening work. There is an assistant. Application forms and job description may be obtained from the **Regional Personnel Officer, North West Thames Regional Health Authority, 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London W2 3QR (Telephone No. 01-262 8011 Extension No. 261).** Application forms to be returned by 3 June quoting Reference Number 153.

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The Director-General,
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Write to John Ridger or 'phone Week St Mary 251.

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New Zealand

Applications are invited for the following full-time teaching positions. Conditions of appointment and method of application are available from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. Applications will be accepted at any time up to 13 JUNE 1977.

For each position commencing salary within the appropriate scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience.

At present salaries are supplemented by a cost-of-living allowance of NZ$365 per annum. Candidates are advised that all salaries may be amended shortly.

Lecturer: The salary scale for a Lecturer is NZ$9,000 to $11,100 per annum. In normal circumstances a Lecturer whose services have proved satisfactory to the Council may expect in due course to be given the status of a Senior Lecturer.

Senior Lecturer: The salary scale for a Senior Lecturer is NZ$11,500 to $13,250 per annum. In exceptional cases the Council may extend this scale to $14,250 per annum.

INDONESIAN — Lectureship — Department of Asian Languages and Literatures
Applicants must have a thorough knowledge of Bahasa Indonesia and a good knowledge of Classical Malay. Knowledge of another Indonesian language would be an advantage. Preference will be given to candidates with qualifications and particular interests in Indonesian language and literature, but applicants specialising in other fields will also be considered.
The successful applicant must be prepared to teach Indonesian language and literature at all stages up to MA Honours and should therefore possess a good knowledge of English.

BOTANY — Lectureship
Preference will be given to candidates who have completed a PhD in plant ecology.

GENETICS — Lectureship — Department of Cell Biology
Applicants should possess a PhD degree and have postdoctoral research experience in some aspect of modern genetics. Preference will be given to candidates with research experience either in the molecular genetics of the chromosomes of eukaryotic organisms, or in molecular aspects of the genetics of bacterial plasmids. Experience in DNA restriction enzyme techniques would be an advantage.
The position will involve the teaching of undergraduate and graduate classes in molecular genetics and the development of new courses in this subject. The successful candidate will be expected to supervise students for higher degrees and engage in an active research programme.

CHEMISTRY — Lectureship
The appointed candidate will be expected to have a commitment towards the teaching of quantum chemistry up to Honours level. Preference may be given to candidates whose research interests include radiochemistry or co-ordination chemistry.

ECONOMICS — Lectureship/Senior Lectureship
Applications will be welcomed from candidates who have either completed a PhD degree or have comparable research experience, and whose interests are in any of the major fields of Economics, including operations research and economic history.

EDUCATION — Lectureship/Senior Lectureship
Priority will be given to applicants who have major teaching and research interests in the History of Education. Associated interests in Comparative Education, Educational Planning, New Zealand Education or the Philosophy of Education would be an advantage.
Within the Department there are other areas of teaching where an appointment could be considered. These are in the psychology of atypical children and the training of guidance counsellors for schools. Well-qualified applicants in these areas are encouraged to apply, but they are asked to note the priority indicated above.

ENGLISH — Lectureship in English Literature
Preference may be given to applicants with qualifications in literature after 1700, including American Literature.

HISTORY — Lectureships in Modern History (2)
The Department is interested in appointing lecturers in the following fields: Europe since 1800; Australian History and Modern Latin American History.

OPTOMETRY — Lectureship — Department of Psychology
Applicants should have a higher degree and an optometric qualification that would allow them to be registered as optometrists in New Zealand. Special interests in optics or physiological optics would be an advantage although applicants with other interests would be considered. Applicants should be willing to undertake clinical supervision in addition to teaching.

ITALIAN — Lectureship — Department of Romance Languages
Applicants must hold an Honours degree in Italian and should state their special interests and qualifications. Applicants with academic and research interests in any field of Italian language or literature may apply.
The Lecturer will be required to teach Italian language and literature within the range from First Year to Honours.

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Write for further particulars to Assistant Secretary (Establishment), Brunel University, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB8 3PH or phone Uxbridge 37188, ext 49. Closing date: 3 June 1977.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Department of Sociology

SSRC RESEARCH-LINKED STUDENTSHIPS

Applications are invited from people who have graduated, or will be graduating this year, with single or joint honours degrees in Sociology, Social History or Social Anthropology for SSRC funded studentships. The successful applicants will be expected to conduct a piece of research leading to a PhD, within one of the following areas:

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(ii) Social Change and Development in South Western Nigeria under the supervision of Professor J. D. Y. Peel.

The precise focus of study will be the student's own choice.

Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 3 June 1977, by the Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool, L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote Ref: RV/448/NS.

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Courses

Continued from p. 660

THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

School of Communication
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WOMEN & MEDICINE
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March in solidarity with the Palestinian people in their struggle for a Democratic Secular Palestine and in protest against the continuation of the Zionist State of Israel.

Rally starts at 12 noon Sunday 15 May, 1977.

Reformers Tree — Hyde Park Corner — Near Speakers Corner.

SEMINAR & EXHIBITION

"STRUGGLE AGAINST ZIONISM"

A number of speakers, representing the Palestinian liberation movement and supporters of the Palestinian cause.

Monday 16 May, 1977. 7 p.m.

Chelsea Town Hall
Kings Road
Chelsea
London SW3

Organised by the General Union of Arab Students in the UK and Ireland

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 93 No. 2408

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Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Original prints by Moore, Boyd, Lowry. 18 & 19C prints by Gillray, Rowlandson, Heath, Cruikshank etc.

Opera

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Charles Osborne: Literature Director
Jonathan Barker: Poetry Librarian

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Concerts

FRENCH INSTITUTE (589 6211 ext. 40), Queensberry Place, SW7. Concert for 2 Pianos: Enrique Perez de Guzman & Michel Rabaud. Music by Britten, Poulenc, H. Rabaud, Chabrier, Milhaud. Thursday 19 May at 7.30 p.m. Tickets obtainable from Secretariat of Institute, £1.00; 80p for students, groups of more than 10.

MOZART MARATHON, SUNDAY 15 MAY from 11.15 a.m. until 10.15 p.m. at the Everyman Cinema, Hampstead (just by Hampstead Tube Station). All 24 Mozart string quartets played by 20 ensembles including the Aeolian, Allegri, Medici and many others. Tickets: 50p per quartet (35p for OAPs and children under 14). Available on the day from the Everyman or in advance from Park Lane Group, 1 Montague Street, WC1 (tel: 01-637 9778).

Theatres

KAFKA'S METAMORPHOSIS adapted for the stage by Steven Berkoff, Collegiate Theatre, Gordon St, WC1. Tel. 01-387 9629. Only until 21 May, evenings 8 p.m.

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded booking info: 836 5332. 'King Lear' and 'Destiny' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats'.

ALMOST FREE. 485 0881. 'Brilliant' (D. Tel.). 'Marvellous' (Times). 'Hancock's Last Half Hour' by Heathcote Williams. 1.15 p.m. Mon.-Sat.

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 13, 16, 17, 18 & 20 May at 7.0, 14 & 19 May at 2.0 & 7.0 'Waters of the Moon'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Abigail's Party' devised and directed by Mike Leigh. Nightly 8 p.m. Sats 5 & 8. 'A Minor Masterpiece . . .' E.S. 'A hilarious comedy . . .' 'Faultless' Bernard Levin S.T.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', 'Blithe Spirit', 'Volpone', (Birmingham Repertory Company), 'Measure for Measure' and 'The Devil in an Ass', 'State of Revolution', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Sell Out', 'Four to One' & 'Strawberry Fields'. See daily press for dates & times. Ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROUND HOUSE. 267 2564. National Theatre presents acclaimed science fiction show with Rock Band 'Illuminatus!'. 'Gloriously entertaining . . .' Time Out. Last week, eves 7 p.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8. Sats 5 & 8.30. Annette Crosbie & Dudley Sutton in 'Curse of the Starving Class'. 'The play is outstanding . . . brilliant'. Time Out.

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Meetings

'WASTEFUL' Research in Pure and Applied Science by Professor R. L. M. Synge, FRS, Nobel Laureate. Chair: Professor M. J. Pentz (Open University). Wed. 25 May at 7.30 p.m. Physics Theatre, University Coll., Gower Place, WC1. Adm. free. A Bernal Peace Library Lecture.

'TIBET': Felix Greene's film, 14 May, 7 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. (Holborn tube). 60p. Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding.

TRANSPORT & DEMOCRACY. Tues. 17 May, Open Meeting of the Socialist Environment & Resources Association (SERA). With SERA Speaker, Jim Daly (Chairman, GLC Transport Sub-Ctte), & George Leeks (T&GWU), and discussion. 7 p.m. at the Club Room, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC2. Further information from 603 4127.

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THE CITY UNIVERSITY, London EC1V 4PB. Sir Monty Finniston on 'Science in Society'. Edwards Memorial Lecture on 25 May at 5.30 p.m. Tickets (free of charge) from the Ceremonial Officer.

'THE ZIONIST HOUR OF CONFLICT', talk by Derek Wilkes. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. Sun. 15 May 7.30 p.m. Admission 30p.

'THE KELMSCOTT PRESS' Kelmscott House Colloquy, William Morris Centre, 26 Upper Mall, London W6. Saturday 28 May 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. £3.00 (incl. buffet lunch). Registration forms & info 01-748 5618.

TO A FREE ZIMBABWE. Poetry reading by the Zimbabwean poet, Mudereri Kadhani; films of refugee camps in Mozambique; posters; literature; discussion with members of the liberation movement. From 4 p.m. till late. Keskidee Centre, 42 Gifford St, N1. Saturday 14 May.

GERDA BOYESEN lectures on 'Biodynamic Psychology' every Wednesday, 7.30 p.m. Adm. £1. Acacia House, Centre Avenue, The Vale, Acton Park, London W3. 743 2437.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. Tuesday 17 May 7.30 p.m. Geoffrey Robinson MP, on 'Co-operatives' at House of Commons. All welc.

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